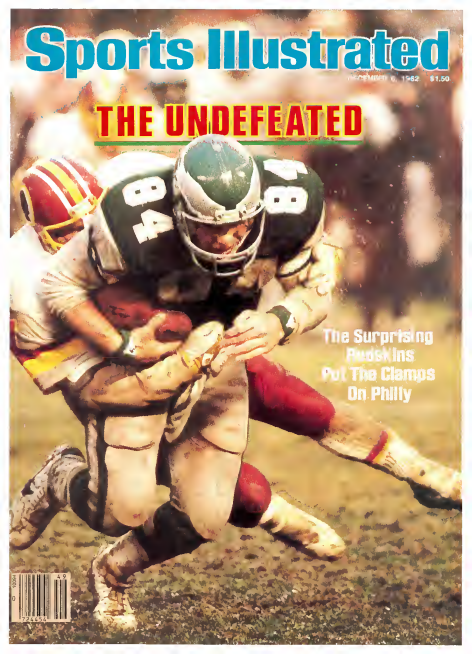


Sports Illustrated



DECEMBER 6, 1982 \$1.50

THE UNDEFEATED

The Surprising
Redskins
Put The Clamps
On Philly



Here comes

©1994 B&W TOBACCO CO.

BRIGHT

A fresh new taste experience
that outshines menthol.

It not only tastes fresher while you smoke.
It even leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.



You never had it this fresh!

7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



*"Oh, go ahead, Clarence, indulge yourself.
What if you're ever lost in the North Woods?"*



Fascination with multiple-purpose devices is seldom rewarded with truly useful products. We are pleased to offer an exception: the Kodak Ektaprint copier. It does enormously complex jobs involving automatic collating, stacking and stapling. It can also make a single copy with equal efficiency.

Result? Versatile, productive, easily managed output. The Kodak copier does more, all by itself, than a Swiss army of lesser machines all over the place.

May we demonstrate?

Write, Eastman Kodak Company
CD2316, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.



**Kodak copiers. Everything they do,
they do well. And they do everything.**

WHAT WORKING PARENTS SHOULD KNOW TO KEEP A CHILD FROM GROWING UP INSECURE.



Many families today depend on two incomes. In fact 51% of working husbands had wives with jobs last year.

If both of you are working it's important that both of you are insured. Because this financial security is essential to your child's emotional security. The loss of either working parent shouldn't mean the loss of a home, a school, or anything else crucial to the life of a child.

That's where Metropolitan can

help. We offer special insurance programs for two-income families which will give you the two-parent protection that your family needs. For a premium cost that is surprisingly affordable.

In fact, Whole Life Plus, one of our newest policies, can give you up to one-third more coverage than we ever offered before for the same premium. And our Cost of Living rider can keep your policy's coverage increasing along with inflation, too. The value of your

policy will continue to grow with the Consumer Price Index as much as 300%.

So call one of our trained representatives soon. They're professionals who understand the needs of working parents. We know you want your child's future to remain secure, insuring both parents' lives is a good way to guarantee it.



Metropolitan
Insurance Companies

METROPOLITAN REALLY STANDS BY YOU.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

©1989 Metropolitan Life Insurance Company



HOW THE SUCCESSFUL
FIND OUT WHO'S BEEN
NAUGHTY OR NICE.

CROSS®
SINCE 1948

And may all your Christmases be 14K
gold filled. Elegant pen and pencil gift sets.
Suggested price: \$75

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Staff Photographer Heinz Klutmeier was on the lovely Caribbean island of Tortola, taking pictures for a story in the works on an underwater treasure hunt. The air was dizzying with jasmine, the water dazzling with a rainbow of tropical fish. Then the phone rang. A voice from SI's New York office said, "Want to shoot the Florida State University marching band in Tallahassee?"

Father, Rich, took him up for a ride in his homemade open-cockpit biplane; Klutmeier likes flying even more than he likes bands. "Mr. Zayak took seven years to build the plane in his garage, then took it out—and it flew," says Klutmeier. "The guy's my hero. His plane is superbly crafted and he's a terrific pilot. Flying with him, it felt like World War I." Klutmeier himself



KLUTMEIER WITH ERIKA (RIGHT)—THANKSGIVING 1992

has been a licensed pilot since 1967, and last fall he bought a single-engine Grumman Tiger, which he sometimes flies to assignments.

Klutmeier has flown to the Kentucky Derby, the Indianapolis 500 and the World Series, but his "most important" assignment this year took place on the streets of New York City Thanksgiving morning. This one wasn't for SI and it didn't even have anything to do with sports. It was an unpaid free-lance assignment for *The Milwaukee Journal*—Macy's annual parade.

You'll have to leave right away."

Klutmeier didn't hesitate. As he says, "College bands have an entertaining life of their own. I'd rather shoot them than cover the Super Bowl." (For the result, see pages 44-51.)

Klutmeier does like the Caribbean, though. He returned to continue work on the treasure-hunt story, and a few weeks ago was happy to be in Jamaica, photographing present and former Jamaican runners. Then the phone rang again. Klutmeier thought he had finished shooting world figure skating champion Elaine Zayak for the story that begins on page 92, but an essential multiple-exposure photograph of a triple jump had turned out to be only a double. He got up at 5 a.m. on a Tuesday for dawn shots of the runners, flew to New York, edited that film until 1 a.m. Wednesday, arose at 4:30 a.m., drove to Nyack, N.Y., shot Zayak's triple and immediately flew back to Jamaica.

Klutmeier was elated when Elaine's

What made it so important was the performance of the Wauwatosa (Wis.) East High School marching band, one of whose clarinetists is Klutmeier's 14-year-old daughter, Erika. If you think he goes for bands and flying, get him started on Erika, her sister, Tina, 18, a Northwestern freshman and flutist in that band, and Jessica, 15, who "plays the stereo."

The girls live in Wauwatosa, with Klutmeier's former wife, Donna. Heinz has a house 500 yards away. A few years ago he bought a farm, mostly for the girls, so that they would have a place to "swing on trees, ride horses and watch the weeds grow." But it's up for sale now. "When the weeds grew taller than the corn," Klutmeier says, "I realized I was in the wrong business."

Philip D. Howard

ESPN: WHERE THE CHEERING NEVER STOPS.



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4

2:00 WCT Tennis: The Chicago Classic Semifinal *LIVE*.

8:00 College Basketball Doubleheader:

UCLA vs Notre Dame *LIVE*.

10:00 Wendy's Classic Final *LIVE*.

Last year's NCAA finalist, Georgetown, included in this 4 team tournament.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5

2:00 WCT Tennis: The Chicago Classic Final *LIVE*.

5:00 World Series of Skiing: Men's Super Giant Slalom from Bormio, Italy.

7:30 NBA Doubleheader: Milwaukee Bucks vs New Jersey Nets *LIVE*.

10:30 Philadelphia 76ers vs Los Angeles Lakers *LIVE*.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 6

7:00 "Down The Stretch" ESPN's Horse Racing Weekly.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7

8:00 College Basketball: Indiana vs Notre Dame *LIVE*.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8

8:00 College Basketball Doubleheader: Marquette vs Iowa *LIVE*.

10:00 Virginia vs Duke.



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9

8:30 Top Rank Boxing *LIVE*.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10

7:30 and 11:00 SportsCenter: The most comprehensive sporting news program on television. *LIVE*.

Programming subject to change. All Times Eastern Standard Time. Certain games may not be available in your area. Check your cable listings.



THE 24 HOUR CABLE SPORTS NETWORK

NATIONAL NEWS

National gives renters 'round-the-clock peace of mind.

NOW FROM NATIONAL-24-HR. ROAD SERVICE.

Now when you rent with National, you get 'round-the-clock peace of mind - with free Amoco Motor Club road service.

Chances are, you'll never need it. But if you do, only National gives you access to 24-hour road service from Amoco

Motor Club - the world's largest full-service motor club, with over 6,500 service facilities across the U.S.

So you can count on fast, professional assistance. Anytime. Every day of the year.

More proof that at National you're our number-one priority. **National spells out easy reservations.**

Now we've made our phone number easy to remember. One toll-free number - 800-CAR-RENTSM - allows you to make reservations



any time of day, coast to coast. In Alaska and Hawaii call 800-328-6321. In Canada call collect 612-830-2345.

Get the National Attention you deserve.

Low prices. Carefully maintained cars. Unlimited free mileage at participating locations. And the security of 24-hour Amoco Motor Club road service.



National features GM cars like this Buick Century.

You deserve National Attention.SM

National Car Rental[®]

A HOUSEHOLD INTERNATIONAL COMPANY

©1982, National Car Rental System, Inc. In Canada, it's Bixen. In Europe, Africa and the Middle East, it's Europcar.

Free gifts when you rent from National.

We think you deserve more than a receipt and a smile when you rent a car. So we'll give you a TimeBulbTM digital alarm clock when you rent from National.



The clock has a drowse alarm and lighted dial. It's a \$19.95 retail value. But we'll give it to you free when you rent a compact or larger size car at National's usual low prices, including commercial rates.



Or get a free gift certificate, good toward other free gifts and special bargains on dozens of items from the nationally recognized JS&A catalog. The catalog is also free when you rent from National.

Offer good at participating locations through 2/28/83. Not available on tour packages and other special promotional rates.

National Car Rental

BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

HERE'S THE CREAM OF THE CROP FROM A BUMPER HARVEST OF GIFT VOLUMES

There are few more lasting and satisfying gifts than a beautiful book, and for those wise and generous enough to discern and act upon this fact—and lucky enough to have friends who cover their coffee tables with such pleasures for visitors—this holiday season offers a rich harvest of volumes devoted to the outdoors and other sporting themes. The following list of the year's best is presented in no particular order, but the clothbound *The Extraordinary Landscape* by William Garnett (New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown and Company, \$60) is as good a place to start as any. For more than 35 years, Garnett has been taking aerial photographs of the U.S. from his Cessna 170-B, and he now offers his choices of the best of them. There's no trick photography here, no use of filters or other manipulation for weird effect; Garnett's goal is recording natural beauty, from Cape Cod to Hawaii, and he uses his plane as skillfully as his camera. There's an air of simplicity, of wonder and ingenuousness about his photographs. There's no text, only a location caption accompanies each plate. Ansel Adams has written a warm introduction, and the endpapers include good maps and the briefest of notes by Garnett about each subject.

Mountains of North America (Sierra Club Books, \$35), another top selection, is the work of 58 photographers. Nevertheless, major credit for this handsome volume belongs to famous mountaineer Fred Beckey, who climbed (often first ascents) or visited all of the 35 peaks here celebrated, chose the photographs and has written about the glories, the geological histories and the surrounding life of each massive landmark with enthusiasm and grace. The subjects of the photos and Beckey's text range from Maine's Katahdin to Mexico's Pico de Orizaba to Alaska's McKinley and touch all of the continent's major ranges. This is no dull encyclopedic compendium, however; rather, it's a lyric tribute to natural wonders. The fact that you've never seen, let alone climbed, a real mountain in your life—as

most of us haven't—is actually a very good reason why this book will enchant as well as instruct you.

The life and times of the American Indian continue to engage the attention not only of Americans but of anthropologists around the world. Norman Bancroft-Hunt, a fellow of England's Royal Institute, is an artist and writer whose interest in Indian art has led him to vast expertise in the vanished life-style and culture of the American tribes, and his latest book, *The Indians of the Great Plains* (William Morrow & Company, \$25), is a marvel of its kind. As they followed the huge migrating herds of buffalo, the Plains tribes moved restlessly around a million square miles of grassland bounded by the Mississippi River in the east and the Rocky Mountains in the west. Bancroft-Hunt's prose and Werner Forman's photos are notable for their clarity, interpretation and deep empathy with their subject.

Covering much the same geographical territory as *The Indians*, William Albert Allard, in his *Vanishing Breed* (New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown and Company, \$29.95), aims his camera and his few words at a different topic: the cowboy and the West. Working cowboys and their horses are shown laboring in the few remaining big ranches, still driving their herds, roping, branding and doctoring livestock much as these hard tasks were performed a hundred years ago. Allard's text is for the most part wisely limited to a few first-person anecdotes by oldtime buckaroos; otherwise, the splendid pictures speak for themselves and nearly every one of the 104 has classic quality.

Leon Mandel, the curmudgeon of the automobile writers' fraternity, has organized a history titled *American Cars* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, \$48.50) based on the shimmering collection of more than a thousand vehicles assembled in Reno by the late William Fisk Harrah. No car nut who can afford it will want to be without it, and none will be disappointed by Mandel's opinionated prose. The photography is lavish, but an occasional shot exposes the cameraman as striving too hard for fancy effect and turns this reviewer off. The endpapers chart the output of America's manufacturers and thereby the pedigrees of just about every wheel to hit the road.

The fittest (448 pages) and heaviest (four pounds) entry on this list is Chris Bonington's *Quest for Adventure* (Hod-

continued

A color photograph of a man in a towel, smiling and holding a lit cigarette in his mouth. He is in a bathroom setting, with a towel rack and a mirror visible in the background. The lighting is warm and slightly dim.

Kent B1 Kings: 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine;
Kent Kings: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, December 1981

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1982

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kent

When you know
what counts.



Ultra low tar

Experience taste
you can count on.



BOOTS TO GO



DOUBLE-H BOOTS

By Richland Shoe Company
Curtis & Apple Sts. Richmond, VA 23267
Division of H. H. Brown Shoe Co. Inc. Boston 081

THE HANDS AT THE DOUBLE-H MAKE BETTER BOOTS.



THE SEARCH FOR ALEXANDER AN EXHIBITION

"...the show is rich in art and artifacts, gold, silver, marble, iron, bronze and clay, from the fourth century B.C., when Alexander ruled Macedonia and made himself master of Greece, lord of Egypt, sovereign of the great Persian empire, and began the conquest of India."

Smithsonian, Washington, D.C.



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
New York

OCTOBER 27 through JANUARY 3

The Exhibition has been made possible by the National Bank of Greece, Time Incorporated, and Mobil, with the cooperation of the Greek Ministry of Culture and Sciences

TIME
INCORPORATED

Copyright © 1981 by the Greek Ministry of Culture and Sciences

BOOKTALK continued

der and Stoughton Ltd., £14.95; U.S. edition by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., distributed by Crown Publishers, \$30). Picking up the relentless challenge of the unknown with the end of World War II and the voyage of Kon-Tiki, Bonington has written stirring accounts of 21 of man's greatest adventures: across oceans and deserts and polar ice, over rivers, up mountains, in the air and in space. A celebrated mountaineer himself, whose many climbs include Everest, Annapurna and the Elger's North Wall, Bonington enjoys a kinship with all men and women who take mighty risks for great goals that enables him to memorialize these 21 achievements with a spirit and understanding few authors could muster. The book is expertly illustrated, mapped and annotated.

Richard Wolters—a research chemist, glider pilot, author, art historian, cabinetmaker and fly-fisherman, among other things—can now add detective to that list with the publication of his latest book: *The Labrador Retriever* (Petersen Prints, \$37.50). In researching Lab, the story of the most popular sporting dog in the world, Wolters spent two years and traveled more than 20,000 miles in the U.S., Newfoundland and Europe tracking down the origins and development of this marvelous dog and exposing many myths about its history along the way. In 1917, one Lab was registered with the American Kennel Club; today there are more than 58,000. Every one of their owners would treasure this handsome book, its well-reproduced action prints and portraits, its photographs and sketches, and Wolters' answers as to why their dog is such a hardy, lovable and enormously useful companion.

For the millions of boat owners and the multimillions of boat lovers, here's a stunning collectors' item: *Classic Yacht Interiors*, by Jill Bobrow and Dana Jenkins (Concepts Publishing, distributed by W.W. Norton, \$35). Bobrow and Jenkins spent several years and traveled widely in photographing and writing about many of the world's great boats, ranging in size from 25 feet to 353 feet and in type from work vessels to charter yachts to racing machines. The result is a feast for eye and sailor's appetite. Here are Sea Cloud's deluxe staterooms with fireplaces and antique furniture; *Roynono's* head with its unique all-mahogany sink and cabinet; *Figall's* innovative interior; the wood-burning stove in *Leander's* galley; and

continued

The new shampoo and conditioning rinse made for you!
A gentle way to extra clean hair that stays cleaner longer!
1982. Your search is over.
For Oily Hair Only is here!



**Your own shampoo.
It's not just a lot of detergent!**

People with oily hair have a different kind of sebum and all the detergent in the world won't change it. But now comes a new kind of shampoo formulated For Oily Hair Only New FOHO.™ And it's not just a lot of detergent! Instead, a unique compound blended with natural ingredients to control and normalize oily conditions! FOHO shampoo breaks up oily sebum so fast, so fine, the oil is almost instantly dissolved. So it lifts right out of your hair. Gently, very gently, you'll get extra-clean hair that will stay cleaner longer!



**Your own rinse. Conditions.
And then vanishes clean away!**

Afraid of lingering conditioners? Now you can condition your hair to full beauty—yet keep it clean! Because the special new FOHO conditioning rinse is an amazing blend of conditioners and natural extracts and dissolving agents. So it does its work beautifully—and then dissolves and vanishes clean away in the rinse-out! For Oily Hair Only. It's yours!

No more limp,
stringy struggles.
No more fear
she's gonna
touch your hair.



**The new
FOHO™
system**

(Now this care for oily hair
And yes, really care!)

MORE THAN JUST BUBBLES.

We've got flavor!

Tree Top just gave two delicious juices a sparkle. So you can have a sparkling, non-alcoholic drink full of flavor—instead of just bubbles.

Sparkling Royale has the fresh taste of pears and grapes.

Sparkling Cider has the clean taste of apples.

Both are made with 100% pure fruit juice, so they're a natural choice. And they have enough bubbles for any celebration.

NON-ALCOHOLIC



INTRODUCING TREE TOP SPARKLING JUICES

Give your dears a warm and wooly Christmas in Wigwams.

Wool. It's the super, natural plus in Wigwam socks. Expertly knit together to comfort feet as nothing else can. With wool's unbeatable warmth. Cushioning. Absorbency. For all sorts of sport feet, and just plain relaxing feet, give Wigwam wool socks. Found on Dorrer. On Blitzen. On Comet. On Cupid. And wherever the best sporting goods are sold. Wigwam Mills, Inc., Sheboygan, Wisconsin 53081, U.S.A. • In Canada: Hanson-Manawik, Inc., Prov. of Quebec.

It's time you changed your socks.



Wigwam

BOOKTALK continued

the best and most original uses of space and material in more than 100 other boats. For many reasons it's unlikely that such a comprehensive collection will ever be put together again. At the price, it's a bargain; at any price, it's a pleasure to dream over.

The Father of Waters: A Mississippi River Chronicle (Sierra Club Books, \$27.50) is so specific and all-inclusive a title that the book, seemingly, requires little more to entice readers—other than high praise. The subject is immense, ever changing, ever growing. The river drains 31 states, flows through 10 where 40 million people live—from farmers of Finnish ancestry in the North to Cajun trappers in the South. How does one cover the cultural, economic and natural history of such an area? Author Norah Deakin Davis and photographer Joseph Holmes solved the problem beautifully by joining a "floating classroom" of specialists and students and spending 14 weeks on the river, from Lake Itasca in Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico, in all manner of craft. They brought with them wide knowledge of and keen eyes and great empathy for their subject. The result should entertain and enlighten historians, ecologists, fishermen, engineers and all lovers of our lands and waters.

Do not be put off by the misleading title of *The Flight of the Condor*, by Michael Andrews (Little, Brown, \$22.50). This superb book, companion to the PBS-TV series *Nature*, comprehensively explores in vivid text and pictures the unique flora and fauna of the world's largest and most spectacular mountain chain (the Andes), the world's driest desert (Atacama) and the most massive natural water system, as it ranges from Cape Horn to the Amazon jungle.

Everything you could possibly want to know about the most popular sailing catamaran, the Hobie Cat, is packed into the 300-plus pages of *Hobie Cat Sailing*, by Jake Grubb (Hearst Books, \$23.50). Grubb writes of the boat's origins, its care and repair, and, especially, how to select, use and enjoy it.

Very likely the most comprehensive and best illustrated one-volume reference work on the whole remarkable range of animal life—350,000 words, 1,600 illustrations—is the new *Audubon Society Encyclopedia of Animal Life*, edited by John Farrand Jr. (Clarkson N. Potter, \$45). Perhaps the ultimate coffee-table book.

END



The Timex SportsQuartz™

Timex takes to the water with great sport looks. Strong in design and impeccable in timekeeping; accuracy within 30 seconds a month. And water resistance available from depths of 25 to 100 meters. Choose a water resistant Timex quartz from \$29.95 to \$69.95 (suggested retail prices). Great design and great beauty are not expensive. Just rare.

TIMEX®

We make technology beautiful



Easy Weight Selection

Compact Storage

DP Gypac 1000®

More than 50 professional exercises in one compact unit at a fraction of the cost of chain and cam units. Patented cable, pulley and carriage system provides smooth, even resistance throughout each exercise motion. Exclusive Orbairon® weights adjust quickly as you change from one exercise to another. Wall unit holds securely with one bolt, yet removes easily and rolls away for out-of-the-way storage.



Side Leg Raise

Wide Grip Pull-Up

Quickly changes from one exercise cable system to another. Comfortable padded weight bench easily converts to inclined abdominal board and folds compactly for convenient storage. Double leg lift allows for concentrated leg development while the adjustable handlebar system offers exercises ranging from leg presses to pull-ups. Fully illustrated instruction course with progress charts for men, women and children included.

**For Free Illustrated Booklet
and Instruction Course Giving
Details of the DP GYPAC 1000**
Clip and Mail to:
Diversified Products, CJ-001
P.O. Box 100, Opelika, AL 36802
(Please Print)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Diversified Products
306 Wilkerson Ave.
Opelika, AL 36802



VIEWPOINT

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

A PROPOSED OPEN NCAA TOURNAMENT WOULD OPEN A BIG BASKET OF WORMS

At a recent meeting, the National Association of Basketball Coaches approved a radical proposal. Of the 116 Division I coaches present, 79 voted to open the NCAA Tournament to all 277 Division I teams, excluding only those on probation. If approved next year by the NCAA Basketball and Executive committees, the stampede of teams into the tournament will begin in the 1983-84 season.

The coaches took their cue from an editorial by Bob Hammel, a sportswriter for the Bloomington, Ind. *Herald-Times*. Under Hammel's plan, teams would play in sectional and regional games within their own geographic areas until the Final Four. There would be no seeding of teams; first-round matchups within each area would be determined by a blind drawing. All teams would get roughly equal shares of the tournament's overall TV revenues and gate receipts.

Hammel presented his plan as a cure-all. "One more week of play could make more money than the entire tournament that the NCAA puts on now," he wrote. The money would be "dealt out more reasonably," would underwrite many basketball programs and would remove the pressure on coaches to cheat. Not shuffling teams around the country would save "money, travel time and class time." The subjective selection of tournament teams would end, and teams on probation "would be singled out more distinctly" for public embarrassment.

Tex Winner of Cal State-Long Beach, president of the coaches' association, agrees wholeheartedly. "The plan is a solution to a lot of the problems in basketball today," he says. "If we don't do something, the rich will simply get richer, and more coaches will be tempted to violate the rules for a share of that great financial bonanza, that NCAA pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

But is the Hammel plan really a panacea? Hardly. It is a misleading fantasy that, like radioactive waste, should be buried in a deep hole. Here's why:

- The "NCAA pot of gold" is already divided dozens of ways, with both participants and non-participants receiving

shares. And while the teams that advance farthest in the tournament get the biggest shares, almost no one winds up reaping a "great financial bonanza."

Last season 40% of the tournament gross—or \$7.1 million—was designated to fund championships in all NCAA divisions. The remaining \$10.7 million was split among the 48 participants, with Final Four teams earning slightly more than half a million dollars each. But the participants' shares weren't pure profit.

For example, champion North Carolina, as would most any team that plays in a league, had to give a big cut of its winnings to its conference (ACC) brethren. Subtract \$230,000. And though the NCAA paid the tournament expenses of the Tar Heel team, the school paid for its band, cheerleaders and officials to travel. Subtract \$170,000. The bottom line is that Carolina kept about \$100,000.

For the Tar Heels, that wasn't a case of the rich getting richer; it was the rich making pocket money. Last season Carolina made almost nine times that much profit from regular season and conference tournament TV and gate receipts. And its alumni and fans donated \$27 million over a two-year period toward a new gym complex, a sum 50% higher than the total NCAA Tournament gross. Have-not teams that hope to match those numbers will need more than increased shares of NCAA Tournament money; they'll need to develop their own armies of rival, free-spending supporters.

- An expanded tournament won't make an extra nickel in profit, because a sprawling slate of games that includes losers and mediocrities won't draw fans or television money. "Even last season, with 48 teams, the first two rounds of the tournament weren't easy sells," says David Caswood, NCAA Director of Public Relations. "And if television wasn't eager to put on good matchups like Boston College vs. San Francisco, they surely won't be attracted by all the inferior teams in a field five times as large."

Holding down expenses by not flying teams out of their own regions until the Final Four would help profits somewhat. But the NCAA can institute that money-saving change without necessarily adding a single team to the field.

- The Hammel plan would render all regular-season and conference-tournament games irrelevant, because teams would no longer need a winning record to get an NCAA Tournament berth, and they

continued



Fit For Life.

Become fit for life fast and efficiently at home or office with the DP GYMPAC 1000.[®] This complete and versatile fitness center provides more than 50 professional exercises, yet stores in less than one square foot of floor space. Better yet, it costs less than a year's membership in most spas but gives you a lifetime of fitness in the convenience

of your own home or office. In fact, a good workout on the DP GYMPAC 1000 usually requires less time than it takes to drive to and from the spa and wait in line for the equipment.

With the DP GYMPAC 1000's variety of exercises you can tone up, increase weight and strength, better control overall weight, or slim specific areas of the body.

You can even develop specific muscle groups for your favorite sport.

It's a great way to keep yourself, your family or your employees fit for life and all of its pleasures.

DP GYMPAC 1000... the complete home fitness center that fits almost anywhere. Available at your favorite sporting goods store or sports department.



**FOR STYLE.
FOR INNOVATION.
NO ONE DOES IT
LIKE
JOCKEY® BRAND.**

**JIM PALMER
WEARS JEANS BRIEFS®
UNDERWEAR**

Jeans-Briefs are the first designer underwear made to be worn under jeans. They're stitching and a tub just like jeans. Designed for comfort in men's soft, absorbent cotton and tailored to fit wash after wash, Jockey Jeans-Brief underwear...a step ahead of the times. Two to the package.

JOCKEY
The first name in underwear.



© 1982 Jockey International, Inc., Norwalk, Connecticut 06856

VIEWPOINT continued

wouldn't be competing for either a home-court advantage or a seeding. The games preceding the national tournament would be so meaningless that they might just as well be played by pickup teams in playgrounds. And if games were to become this meaningless, attendance and TV ratings would inevitably slip.

• An open tournament won't reduce the pressure on coaches to cheat, because it won't give coaches any added job security. "Getting into the tournament is now a criterion of success for coaches," says Georgetown Athletic Director Frank Rizzo, "but once every team gets in, coaches will no longer get any credit for it. So they will have done nothing to help their job security."

Perhaps many a coach dreams that he'll be able to salvage a lackluster season, and his job, by getting lucky in the early rounds of the tournament. But it wouldn't prove so easy to trick administrators and alumni into mistaking a lousy team for a good one. People with college degrees recognize ineptitude when they see it.

• It would be blatantly unfair to allow a horde of also-rans into the tournament alongside truly deserving teams. Consider, for instance, the merit of letting in last season's seven worst Division I teams: Virginia Military, which triumphed exactly once and averaged 22 fewer points than its opponents; Prairie View, which won twice and averaged 17 fewer points than its rivals; Loyola Marymount, which won three games; and Georgia State, Utah State, Utah and Wagner, winners of four games apiece. Together the sad seven lost 162 games and won 22. They don't belong on a tournament draw sheet: they belong in the Book of Job.

Admittedly, the present size of the field excludes many teams more worthy than these. But as Dave Gavitt, chairman of the NCAA Division I Men's Basketball Committee, says, "For a high-quality tournament, you should invite only those teams with a legitimate chance of winning the championship. That's what we've tried to do, and I think we've done a creditable job."

Gavitt may be blowing his own horn, but he's playing the right tune. The Division I tournament has long been a model of fair athletic competition, and the NCAA will be well-advised to leave it alone. As before, teams should have to qualify for the tournament the old-fashioned way. They should earn it.

END

THE NEW CHEVROLET CAVALIER. ITS NEW HIGH COMPRESSION FUEL-INJECTED ENGINE WILL MAKE IT GO QUICKER. SO WILL ITS NEW LOWER PRICE.

Chevrolet is utilizing advanced state-of-the-art front-wheel-drive technology in the new Cavalier. With its new high-torque, electronically fuel-injected 2.0 Liter engine and new lower price* it's going to give imports competition they haven't seen before.

Cavalier's front-wheel-drive response and available new 5-speed transmission are designed to offer you a new level of driving pleasure.

The new 2.0 Liter Cavalier. Powered by Chevrolet's determination to put Cavalier on top. And priced to keep it there.:

See and drive the new fuel-injected Cavalier Wagon, Coupe or Sedan. From America's sales leader. With all that Cavalier offers today, if you haven't seen your Chevy dealer, you're not ready to buy.



Front-wheel-drive Cavalier Sedan



*Based on a comparison of Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices for 1982 and 1983 Cavalier models. Level of standard equipment may vary. Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

USA-1 IS TAKING CHARGE

Chevrolet

CAVALIER • CELEBRITY • CHEVETTE • CRUZE • EXTRA • ITALIA • LONGBIRD • LONGBIRD CARLO • LONGBIRD • LONGBIRD

MOST MEN
AGREE

Edge lets you shave closer than foam

Try Special Edge—
for Sensitive Skin



©1982 S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

**Don't make
your mail
come looking
for you.**

**Notify everyone
a month before you move.**



© USPS 1982

Sideline

By N. BROOKS CLARK

LINEBACKERS ARE JERRY SANDUSKY'S BUSINESS, BUT NOT HIS ONLY BUSINESS

Three decades ago Art Sandusky was a conductor on the streetcars of Washington, Pa. and, with his wife, Eve, the owner and operator of a hot dog stand. But when the streetcars were shut down, the Sanduskys found that pushing frozen custard and foot-long red-hots in the summer months wasn't providing the wherewithal to pay their bills the year round. So they signed up as live-in directors of the Brownson House, a local recreation center that was on the verge of being closed. After the Sanduskys and their 9-year-old son, Jerry, moved in, they persuaded the town fathers to keep Brownson House going. That was back in 1953, and they have been there ever since. This goes a long way toward explaining why their son, now the Penn State football team's defensive coordinator, is, at 38, the founder of The Second Mile, a charitable organization that recently opened a group home for six troubled boys in the State College, Pa. area. The home's name comes from the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew 5:41—"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

For 12 years Sandusky has been in charge of coaching linebackers at Penn State, a job roughly equivalent to teaching piano at Juillard. A defensive end for the Nittany Lions from 1963 to '66, he became an assistant coach at Linebacker U. in 1969—in time to counsel 11 future pros, six of them All-Americans.

In 1977 Sandusky decided to begin writing a manual on his specialty, entitled *Developing Linebackers the Penn State Way*. He also decided that any profits would go to The Second Mile.

Sandusky and his wife, Dotie, who couldn't have children of their own, adopted a son in 1969. Since then they have adopted four more children—current ages five through 19—and have helped raise three foster children. For a time they were a host family each summer for children placed by the Fresh Air Fund of New York City. "After we had taken in some foster children," says Dot-

tie, "we saw the opportunities that some kids just hadn't had. But we'd gotten to the point where we couldn't take in any more, so Jerry started thinking about starting a group home. The book seemed like a good opportunity to get it off the ground." (Since *Developing Linebackers* was published in 1981, it has netted about \$15,000.)

The Sanduskys incorporated The Second Mile in 1977. With legal help donated by a Penn State professor, they were granted tax-exempt status, and by 1980 they had raised enough money, \$64,000, to buy 20 acres of farmland two miles from Beaver Stadium. Several businesses agreed to chip in the supplies for building a house, and a local contractor agreed to build it for the cost of his labor.

Houseparents were hired last spring, and The Second Mile should have its full complement of six boys by early winter. With luck, says Ron Coder, the executive director of the home, another will be started in three years.

"Naive me," says Sandusky, "sitting back there five years ago saying, 'We're going to start a group home.' If I'd sat down then and said, 'It's going to take this and that, and this many people will have to be involved,' I probably wouldn't have done it. The toughest thing has been selling something that didn't exist. I think it will be easier now that we can say, 'Look, there it is: a home and a family for six kids who didn't have either one.'"

Sandusky's efforts in behalf of the home have come on top of his daily business of being one of the top defensive minds in America. He inherited the title of Mr. Linebacker from Dan Radakovich, who left Penn State for the University of Cincinnati in February of 1970. Sandusky has had a hand in developing All-Americans Jack Ham (1970), Charlie Zapiec (1971), John Skorupen (1972), Ed O'Neil (1973), Greg Buttle (1975) and Kurt Allerman (1976).

Part of Sandusky's success obviously stems from the Penn State linebacker tradition, which almost assures a fresh supply of top talent every year. That talent then gets top training from Sandusky. "The biggest thing is that he's a real technician," says Allerman, now a St. Louis Cardinal. "Day after day he stresses the fundamentals: keeping your shoulders square to the line when you move, using your hands to protect yourself from the low block and plugging off blocks instead of running around them."

continued

THIS CHEVROLET IS SO VERSATILE IT'S PART WAGON, PART SCHOOL BUS, PART SNOWMOBILE, PART SPORTY CAR.

No import sedan gives you the room and versatility of Chevrolet's front-wheel-drive, five-passenger Citation Hatchback.

There are 95 cubic feet of space inside a Citation. More than a Honda Accord, a VW Jetta, a Nissan Stanza DLX or Toyota Cressida. Yet Citation gives you small-car mileage* along with its mid-size room: 42 Est. Hwy., [27] EPA Est. MPG.*

Chevy Citation is an agile car with a decidedly sporty feel. An electronically fuel-injected 2.5 Liter 4-cylinder engine is standard. Chevy's legendary F41 Sport Suspension is available on all Citation models as is—for the first time—the high-output 2.8 Liter V6. And, whichever way you go Citation, you get front-wheel-drive traction to help make winter a whole lot easier to pull through.

Chevrolet's versatile Citation. Any wonder it's outsold all other front-wheel-drives over the past three years combined? Come drive it. If you haven't seen your Chevrolet dealer, you're not ready to buy a new car.

Let's get it together ... Buckle up.



Citation 4-Door Hatchback: It does many things many cars can't.

*Use estimated MPG for comparisons. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

USA-1 IS TAKING CHARGE

CITATION • CELEBRITY • CRUZE • CHEVETTE • CAMARO • MALIBU • MONTE CARLO • CAPRICE • CORVETTE

Chinon's "Infrafocus". Surer than "Sure-Shot".

Sure as shootin', "Infrafocus" and "Sure-Shot" take sharp photos automatically. But "Infrafocus" is more automatic. Our autofocus needs only one step, Canon's "Sure-Shot" needs 3 steps.

Chinon has LED lights to remind you when autofocus is ready so you don't shoot out-of-focus; when the self-timer is on; and when to replace the battery so you don't waste film. That's plenty sure. And our battery life, using flash, gives you 252 shots to their 72.* That's lots sure. Chinon also has a 2 year limited warranty. Canon only gives you 1 year. That's how sure we are. All this at a price you're sure to like.

*Based on "Apollon" SLR. Surer than "Sure-Shot" by a long shot.
*Both cameras under average conditions.



CHINON

Chinon USA Inc., 43 Fadem Rd., Springfield, N.J. 07081, (201) 376-9100

QUANTUM LEAP

The ultimate basketball shoe. "Full Court".

- New extra-protection toe guard.
 - "Rear Guard" tendon protector.
 - "ROOS Torque Control" Bar.
 - Quadra-Lacing System.
 - Padded ventilated tongue.
 - "Concertina" eyelet lacing.
 - Shock-absorbing insole and arch support.
 - All sizes to men's 17.
- Get the jump on opponents.



World's
Only Shoes
With Pockets

Kangaroos

U.S. & Foreign patents pending

Kangaroo U.S.A., Inc.
St. Louis, Missouri

SIDELINE CONTINUED

"He has great teaching ability," says Penn State Head Coach Joe Paterno. "He has a gift for setting up the drills that will teach the kids to execute all the things we ask them to do as linebackers."

Sandusky attributes much of the success he has had to the character of the players he works with. "They're mostly leaders, kind of outgoing. Buttle, for one I know a New York Jet, kind of owned the place from the day he arrived. I told Greg he didn't know how slow he was—and he didn't. That's why he played so well, and that's why his teammates played so well. They played up to his expectations of them, and among other things, they beat Pitt 7-6 in his senior year when Pitt had Tony Dorsett."

Growing up in Brownson House, Sandusky had observed the same thing about troubled children. "So much of what happens depends on the care and concern that people show for them," he says. "I saw so many kids come through there who never really had a family or anybody to care about them or give them any guidance at all. It always bothered me."

It hasn't bothered Sandusky that The Second Mile thus far has kept him from leaving Penn State. "Many people have talked to me about hiring him," says Paterno, "but Jerry's been reluctant to talk to them because of all the commitments he has in this area." A couple of head-coaching jobs at the college level have come and gone, as well as inquiries from Oakland and Tampa Bay about interviewing Sandusky to become a pro assistant. "A long time ago Jerry really wanted to be a head coach," says Dotie, "but now there are so many things going that he never mentions it anymore."

"I'm concerned about his future," says Paterno, who spent 16 years as an assistant to Rip Engle at Penn State. "I'm proud of everything that he and Dotie have done, and I certainly wouldn't like to lose him, but I'd hate to see him lose his chance to be a head coach."

"The timing hasn't been right for me or my family," says Sandusky. "It might be someday. We believe the saying, 'It's not what happens to you, but how you react to it.' Dotie and I were disappointed when we couldn't have children, but we took it as a positive thing and it gave us an opportunity to do more."

"It's the way he's always been," says Sandusky's mother, Eve. "I guess it's his nature that he's never quite happy unless he's helping somebody else."

END

NO FOREIGN SEDAN CAN GIVE YOU THE ROOM OF THIS CHEVROLET WITH THE MILEAGE OF THIS CHEVROLET.

Chevrolet's 1983 front-wheel-drive Celebrity—a Chevrolet so precisely engineered it gives you twenty cubic feet more total room than the Datsun Maxima Sedan, seven more than Audi 5000.

Celebrity's front-seat leg room nearly equals some of America's biggest luxury cars; its trunk is more accommodating than a Rolls Royce. Yet Celebrity's aerodynamic shape, its standard electronically fuel-injected engine and automatic transmission give you better mileage ratings than some smaller foreign cars: 39 Est. Hwy., [24] EPA Est. MPG.*

Come try the room, the comfort, the quiet, the smoothness, the efficiency of our new-generation 5-passenger sedan. If you haven't seen your Chevrolet dealer, you're not ready to buy a new car.



Chevrolet's Celebrity.

Another reason why Chevrolet, America's sales leader, is USA-1.



Use caution and MPG for comparisons. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, altitude, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

USA-1 IS TAKING CHARGE

Chevrolet

CELEBRITY • CAVALLIER • CHEVETTE • CAMARO • CITATION • MALIBU • MONTE CARLO • CAPRICE • CORVETTE

Today's Florsheim Shoe: 90 years in the making.



Experience.

In creating fashionable footwear that offers the ultimate in quality and value. In choosing the finest leathers. In crafting them into our impressive selection of styles. In perfecting the art of shoemaking so that every man receives a comfortable fit. 90 years' experience. You can't buy that just anywhere.

FLORSHEIM®
an INTERCO company



See the Yellow Pages for the Florsheim dealer nearest you.
For free style brochure, write: Florsheim, Dept. 41, 230 S. Canal St., Chicago, Illinois 60606.

PRESIDENTIAL ATTITUDES

When Clemson, the nation's No. 1 college football team last season, was heavily penalized last week by the NCAA and the Atlantic Coast Conference, what did the university president, Dr. Bill Atchley, have to say? He said, "I think we became very sloppy. I think we did things very carelessly without thinking what they meant."

If that doesn't strike you as being an entirely adequate response to the revelations of the multiple recruiting violations that brought on Clemson's punishment, well, here's Atchley last February in an interview that appeared in *The Washington Post*. At that time he said, "The NCAA will let things build up. To me, a violation is a violation, but they'll let the whole thing pile up until all of a sudden you have a major case. That's like taking a penny here and a penny there, and all of a sudden you have \$1,000 and they accuse you of stealing \$1,000." And, "At Clemson, I think we have a proper perspective."

JUSTICE AT LAST

Football players rely a lot on instinct, and so, apparently, do football coaches. A case in point is Nebraska Offensive Line Coach Cletus Fischer. When a Kansas lineman was called for holding during the Jayhawks' 52-0 loss to Nebraska in mid-season, Fischer automatically yelled, "Good call, ref. They've been doing it all day." Fischer appeared not to have noticed that the Jayhawk infraction in question had occurred on Kansas' first play from scrimmage.

THE BEAUTIFUL BALLOON

The most exciting thing that happened at this year's Harvard-Yale game (Harvard won—yawn—45-7) was the sudden and startling appearance in the second period of a 5-foot weather balloon on the 46-yard line of Harvard Stadium. Although Brent Musburger indicated on TV that the balloon had floated down from the grandstand and "exploded," leaving a 3-foot hole in the ground, actually the balloon emerged from the field, getting bigger and bigger until it burst, spewing

white powder around. The hole it left turned out to be the chamber in which the balloon and its inflating device had been hidden. There was absolutely no danger to anyone at any time, the perpetrators insisted.

But what was all this? Who done it? It wasn't hard to figure out; MIT done it. The letters MIT were visible on the balloon before it popped. Lacking a football team of their own on which to expend energy and enthusiasm, MIT students like to do things—or try to do things—to Harvard. In 1948, an MIT student who had been a munitions expert during World War II worked out a scheme to plant small explosives in Harvard Stadium that would, on detonation, inscribe the letters MIT on the grassward. He was caught before he could put his plan into effect, and suspended. Four years ago, another ingenious MIT plot, in which the sacred letters would be traced on the field by a buried network of paint-filled fire extinguishers linked to plastic tubing, was foiled when groundskeepers accidentally discovered the tubing when they were putting down new sod, supposedly to obliterate a crude "Y" that some unimaginative Yale boys had burned on the field with gasoline. Chalkish. At MIT the idea is to do the thing on game day with thousands watching.

This year, MIT intellect prevailed. Over a three-week period, groups of student commandos in camouflage clothing, their faces blackened, crept into the stadium at night and installed their equipment little by little: a Freon-driven hydraulic press, wiring, the balloon itself (coated on the inside with baking soda to keep the inner surfaces from sticking during inflation), a vacuum-cleaner motor to pump air, a lid, marbles to act as ball bearings to help the lid slide away as the balloon filled. "We thought of everything," said one self-satisfied commando, right down to instructions on how to remove the device and plug up the hole afterwards. On game day, zero hour, standing nonchalantly near a concession stand, they plugged in the electric hook-up and *Shazam!*

Well, free-wheeling minds like these developed the heat-seeking missile, polyester, computers, the neutron bomb and

other hallmarks of modern civilization. Harvard may have won The Game, but hail to thee, MIT.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON, LIKE GYM

The name Nicholson may not inspire the same reverence among basketball fans as Naismith, but it's a respected handle in Ellensburg, Wash., where the Central Washington University Wildcats have been coached by nobody but a Nicholson for the past 53 years.



First there was Leo Nicholson, who became coach in 1929 and stayed on the job for 35 years, amassing a 505-281 career record. When he retired in 1964, he was succeeded by his son Dean, a four-time all-conference guard at the school, who has coached the Wildcats ever since and who has a 409-134 record to show for his 18 seasons. The combined 914 victories of Leo, who died in 1967, and Dean put them ahead of the Ibas (Hank and Moe), the Diddles (Ed Sr. and Ed Jr.), the Meyers (Ray and Tom) and any other father-son coaching duo you can think of.

In explaining how he came to follow in his father's coaching footsteps, Dean, now 56, begins by noting, "I was a gym rat from the age of three on." But he also recalls playing on the 1950 team that earned a berth in the NAIA tournament—the one time his father had a team in the tournament—only to be

continued

Tying together way to set



If people in your office aren't tied together, they're probably tied to a lot of tedious work.

Like walking from department to department, digging through files and trying to manage an ever increasing amount of information.

That's why IBM makes office systems: to electronically tie together every department in your business.

Which means that everyone in your business can retrieve, analyze, format and distribute information without leaving their desks.

For example, let's say you have the IBM 5520 Administrative System.

All you have to do is move a few fingers to assemble a report using



information from your company's files.

Move a few more fingers and that report is immediately sent to your offices across the hall or

across the country.

The IBM 5520 can even print or distribute one report at the same time another is being assembled.

In addition, the IBM 5520 can communicate with the IBM Displaywriter and other IBM Office Systems as well as suitably programmed computers.

Of course, no two businesses are exactly alike.

But no matter what business you're in, no matter what its size, IBM can plan and design an office system to help



people is the best them free.

pull it together.

That's because we have the widest range of office systems products available. Everything from IBM Electronic Typewriters to advanced IBM Information Systems.

Each IBM Office System can grow as your business grows.

And each system is backed by IBM experience, service and support.

So if you're interested in getting the most out of your business, tie the people in your office together with an IBM Office System.

Just think of all the additional time they can spend using their heads, instead of their feet.

For more information, or a



*free brochure about
IBM Office Sys-
tems, call your
IBM representative.
Clip the coupon. Or
call the IBM toll-free
number below.*



Free Brochure: IBM Office Systems

Write Today to: IBM, Dept. 7AG/522, 400 Parson's Pond Drive, Franklin Lakes, New Jersey 07417.

- ☐ Please send me a free brochure about IBM Office Systems.
☐ Please have an IBM representative call me.

NAME _____ TITLE _____

COMPANY _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

BUSINESS PHONE _____

NY43

Call IBM Direct 1 800 631-5582 Ext. 43.
In Hawaii/Alaska 1 800 526-2484 Ext. 43.



beaten in the quarterfinals. "I didn't shoot well that night," he says. "I always felt I let my father down." By way of making amends, Dean's own teams have won 20 or more games 16 different times. Last season the Wildcats went 22-7 and qualified for the NAIA—for a record 16th time under Dean's tutelage. The leading scorer, at 17.1 points per game, from last season's team, Guard David Williams, brother of NBA stars Gus and Ray, is gone, and so are all but one of the other 1981-82 starters, but Nicholson feels that this year's team shapes up as his best ever, thanks to a strong array of recruits and transfers led by 6'9" Center Jerome Williams (no kin to David), the fourth-leading rebounder in the Pac-10 for Oregon last season.

Nicholson has two sons, Joel and Gary, but neither is following in his footsteps. Both attended Central Washington, but neither of them played basketball and, says Nicholson, "they were too smart to go into coaching." Nevertheless, the family's name will continue to be tied up with the school's basketball fortunes for some time to come if only because the building where the Wildcats play their home games is called Nicholson Pavilion (cap. 3,200).

WRITE IF YOU GET WORK

Bob Trumphy, the former Cincinnati Bengals tight end who does football announcing for NBC, also has a sports talk show on WLW-Radio in Cincinnati. One evening he took a call from a woman who said, "I think your show stinks." Affably, Trumphy asked why she felt that way.

"My husband sits there listening to your show with a set of headphones on and ignores me and the children. I can't communicate with him. He won't pay any attention to me."

"Is he listening now?"

"Yes," she said. "Of course he is. That's why I called you. I can't even talk to him."

"Hmmm," said Trumphy. "Do you want me to give him a message from you over the air?"

"Sure," the woman said. "Try it. His name is Mike. Tell him I'm going to the store now and I'll be back around 8:30. Tell him to watch the kids and make sure the house doesn't burn down."

"Got it. Hang on. Hey, Mike, listen. Your wife just called. She asked me to tell

you she's going to the store, she'll be back around 8:30, and for you to watch the kids and make sure the house doesn't burn down."

Cheerfully, Trumphy returned to the phone.

"Done," he told the woman. "Any reaction?"

"Yes," she said. "He's nodding his head at me and waving goodbye."

SCHOLARLY RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Now here's something that certainly makes a great deal of sense. In a letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, Alan L. Benjamin propounded a theory that football causes winter. "You may have noticed that when the season starts, the weather is always warm and summery," Benjamin wrote. "But after the fullbacks, halfbacks, quarterbacks and any other fraction-backs have thundered from goalpost to goalpost a few times nature gets upset, and cold weather begins. You may also have noticed that countries where football isn't played, such as Mexico, Jamaica and Egypt, do not have cold weather. In Canada, on the other hand, where they have one additional player on each side, winters are worse than here." Small wonder, Benjamin concludes, that during the NFL strike we had freakishly mild weather across much of the northern U.S. And have you noticed how much colder it's turned since the strike ended?

WRONG BUT RIGHT?

When Robin Yount was named Most Valuable Player in the American League a few weeks ago, some members of the Baseball Writers' Association of America reacted indignantly when they discovered that one BBWAA voter not only failed to name Yount MVP but also placed him fourth, behind Reggie Jackson of the Angels, George Brett of the Royals and Rollie Fingers, Yount's teammate on the Brewers. The BBWAA announced that the aberrant vote had been cast by Jim Golla of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, and ashes were quickly heaped on his head. "It was a disservice to [Yount]. He should have been unanimous," one New York newspaperman wrote, with more feeling than grammar.

But what is a vote for, if not to express opinion? Golla, in explaining his choices, says, "Last year the Angels finished

fourth in the first half of a split season, seventh in the second half. This year, even though they lost Shortstop Rick Burleson, they won the division title and almost won the pennant. I think Jackson was the key to the Angels' success, physically and spiritually. I put Brett second, because when Brett's not in the lineup the Royals aren't a contending team; they're not the same without Brett. As for Fingers, when he was in the bullpen the Brewers were 4½ games in front. After he was hurt, it was like life and death for Milwaukee to win. Yount had a fantastic year, but the Brewers could have won the pennant without him. They couldn't have won it if they hadn't had Fingers for as long as they did."

Golla's arguments are debatable and, to most fans, probably wrong, but his vote was based on thought and analysis. In the balloting for the American League's Cy Young Award for the year's outstanding pitcher, Pete Vuckovich of the Brewers beat out Jim Palmer of the Orioles and Dan Quisenberry of the Royals, with Dave Stieb of the Blue Jays fourth. Yet many observers, including *The Sporting News*, felt that Stieb was the best pitcher in the league, although he was all but hidden from popular view because he was playing for a sixth-place team. It can be argued that Stieb's fourth-place finish was a far greater abuse of the ballot than Yount's failure to win the MVP unanimously.

As Golla says, "The MVP isn't a popularity contest. I'm sorry Robin Yount didn't get a unanimous vote, but if you can't vote the way your conscience says, we're in a sad state."

THEY SAID IT

• Dan Quisenberry, Kansas City relief pitcher, after receiving the American League Fireman of the Year award: "I want to thank all the pitchers who couldn't go nine innings, and Manager Dick Howser, who wouldn't let them."

• Gil Perreault, Buffalo Sabres center, naming the three most important aspects of pro hockey: "Forecheck, backcheck, paycheck."

• Terry Holland, Virginia basketball coach, on high school recruits who have visited the Virginia campus: "I'm convinced we had guys who weren't interested in coming here but just wanted to meet Ralph Sampson."

YOU DON'T GET THIS GUARANTEE FROM ANY OTHER HOTEL CHAIN.

HOLIDAY INN® "NO EXCUSES" ROOM GUARANTEE

- Your room will be right.
- Or we will make it right.
- Or that night, you stay free.

DEAR GUEST:

Thank you for choosing a Holiday Inn® hotel. We want you to feel welcome and comfortable. That's why we give you this "No Excuses" room guarantee.

- Your room will be right. It will be clean, everything will work properly, and you'll have enough of everything you need.
- Or we will make it right.
- Or we will refund the cost of your room for that night.

"No Excuses!" If you are not satisfied with your room, call the manager on duty who will make every effort to correct the problem, or move you to another room. If these efforts are not satisfactory, and you believe the problem is serious enough to warrant a refund, you must discuss the problem with the manager and ask for a refund request card. If you have any question or problem obtaining this card or a refund call 800/238-8000 and ask for Guest Services.

Again, thank you for giving us the opportunity to take care of you. I hope you will have a pleasant stay.

Sincerely,



JAMES L. SCHORR
President, Hotel Group,
Holiday Inns, Inc.

YOU'LL FIND IT IN EVERY HOLIDAY INN ROOM.



Hey, Look Who's 4-0!



In gokey going at RFK Stadium, Riggins could gain but 52 yards on the afternoon.

One thing has taken a stunning upturn in Washington—the fortunes of the 'Skins, who won again, 13-9 over the Eagles **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

CONTINUED

In a town accustomed to ruffles and flourishes, blue-sky promises and statistical con games, you can say this for the Washington Redskins: they're for real. And they're evidently the right bunch for these adverse times. They've been bloodied in this oddst of all NFL seasons, but they're still unbowed. The Redskins may look like pro football's soup line, but they keep winning and winning, their latest triumph being a 13-9 beating of the Philadelphia Eagles Sunday in dark and dank RFK Stadium.

This fourth straight Redskin victory—going into its Monday night game at Tampa Bay, Miami was the only other undefeated NFL team—and their seventh straight over two seasons, was typical of what has been going on this year. Rain was falling. The Washington coaches, having run out of ads, were holding their heads in their hands. And the 1-2 Eagles, superhungry for a win, were second-and-six on the 'Skins 23 with two minutes left in the game and Washington leading by a scant four points. But on the

next play, Dave Butz, all 6' 7" and 295 pounds of him, sacked Philly Quarterback Ron Jaworski. Then, on third down, with Washington Cornerback Joe Laven-der having shipped and lying helpless on the ground, the Polish Rifle unaccountably missed 6' 8" Harold Carmichael. And finally, on fourth-and-12, Jaworski threw into double coverage, the 'Skins' Tony Peters intercepted, and once again everyone wearing burgundy and gold looked like a genius.

From the start Sunday, the rhythm of the game seemed wrong, even though Washington Quarterback Joe Theismann, the NFL's leading passer going into the game, established his gunning game early, moving the 'Skins up and down the field as if they were so many chalk figures on Coach Joe Gibbs's strategy board. On its first six plays, Washington rolled up four first downs. But after 20 minutes of play, the Redskins had only 10 points—not a very convincing total considering Theismann's fast start.

From then on the game was the stuff of

which rainy day struggles are made: interceptions, fumbles, slips and botched passes. Washington would wind up trying to keep the door closed while Philadelphia pounded away on the other side, trying to make up its 10-point deficit. In fact the Eagles finished with more total offense (319 yards) than the Redskins (295) and outgained them by almost 4 to 1 in the second half. "I don't feel defeated, I feel relieved," Gibbs said afterward. "It was tough."

Peters' interception on the nine-yard line undeniably relieved his coach, but it also was immensely satisfying to Peters. In 1979 he picked off a Jaworski pass and then taunted him. "Quarterbacks have a long memory," Jaworski yelled back. Throughout Sunday's game Peters and Jaworski talked about old and present times, and with everyone looking for Philly to go to Carmichael, its ace receiver, on the critical fourth-down play, Jaworski surprised most observers by sending Wide Receiver Mike Quick into Peters' area and throwing there. "Maybe he was trying to burn me. I don't know," said Peters.

Earlier, with 9:20 remaining, Mark Murphy, Washington's gap-toothed free safety, had clipped in with similar heroics that prevented Philadelphia from taking the lead when he stepped in front of Carmichael at the goal line and made an interception.

For Murphy, the game was a pleasant interlude in a season of taking it on the chin for his teammates. Twice he has needed stitches to close cuts inflicted on his chin at Tampa Bay and New York. He also has been getting a lot of flak because he's a member of the NFL Players Association executive committee. Asked by a writer if someone had clipped him on the jaw, Murphy smiled back and said, "Jack Doelan," referring to the owners' chief negotiator.

Gibbs likes to call the Redskins a "happy" team, and of course winning does breed smiles. But not so long ago Washington was way down. When he took over last season he was greeted with five straight losses and a flood of advice. "When you're losing," he says, "anything anybody says sounds intelligent."

Theismann hit on 14 of 28 passes, including a TD toss to his good man Charlie Brown.





Jaworski helped the Redskins by throwing four interceptions and fumbling twice.

The Redskins righted themselves over the last half of 1981 and finished at 8-8. Of their last 15 games they have won 12. No team has done better.

For his part, Coach Dick Vermeil and the Eagles have started wondering what has happened. Two seasons ago they were in the Super Bowl. Now they're 1-3 with little hope of making the playoffs. Last year they won their first six, lost six of the next 10 and were beaten by the Giants in the first round of the playoffs. Of its last 15 regular-season games Philadelphia has won just six. "We have to go back to square one," Vermeil said Sunday. "We're not talking about the playoffs. We're talking about trying to win one game."

Washington began Philly's sad season when the Redskins visited Veterans Stadium on opening day and shocked the Eagles 37-34 in overtime as Washington's Mark Moseley kicked two field goals, one on the final play of regulation, the other in OT.

While Philadelphia has had to contend with an average margin of defeat of only four points, winning the close ones has become routine for Washing-

ton. The 'Skins also have beaten Tampa Bay 21-13 and the Giants 27-17. "I've told 'em that for us to win, it has to be a struggle," Gibbs said. "We have to play our absolute guts out."

One reason for this is the legacy of George Allen: all those draft picks he traded away. Washington went 11 years without a No. 1 choice before, in 1980, it selected Art Monk, a wide receiver from Syracuse who was second in the NFC in receptions entering the Philly game. Monk made only one catch Sunday, a 10-yarder in the fourth quarter, but it ran to 22 straight the number of consecutive games in which he has caught at least one pass. Only once in 36 games has he failed to make a reception.

Theismann credits Monk for the resurgence of the 'Skins' passing game, which took a dive years back when Charley Taylor and Bobby Mitchell moved from the field to receivers' coach (Taylor) and assistant general manager (Mitchell). But Theismann also praises Gibbs, calling him "an offensive genius," an honorific that may soon become enshrined in the NFL's Hall of Platitudes, so frequently is it bestowed these days. Philadelphia, for

instance, also has a certified offensive genius in the 71-year-old Sid Galtman. Coupled with Monk and Gibbs is a good man named—Good grief! What else?—Charlie Brown.

If you expect to see Linus and Snoopy trailing along behind Brown, forget it. Brown, a wide receiver, says he has never even dated a girl named Lucy. And he has accomplished a lot more than peanuts in this, his first year. (He had to sit out what should have been his rookie season in 1981 with a knee injury.) He scored a touchdown on Sunday, running his total to five, when he caught a pass at the Philly 27 and ran it into the end zone, where he high-fived everyone in sight. "Charlie's really the answer for us," Gibbs said afterward of the eighth-round draft choice from South Carolina State.

Winning games in which the heroes are named Charlie Brown or Tony Peters or Mark Murphy or, for that matter, Mark Moseley, the 34-year-old, 11-year veteran who's one of only two straight-ahead kickers left in the NFL (the other is the Vikings' Rick Dammeyer), obviously

continued



Jens White got the second of his two interceptions on a pass meant for Ron Smith.



Vermell didn't have the book on the 'Skins.

has left the Redskins in a happy mood. In fact, they're a regular bunch of cutups. Last Friday before practice, some veterans grabbed a taxi-squad player named Rickey Claitt, a feisty sort, and tied him up with about 10 miles of tape and left him lying outside the locker room. He looked like a mummy. Claitt worked himself free and then went into the 'Skins' dressing quarters, grabbed a bunch of shoes belonging to his tormenters and taped them atop a basketball goal in the team gym.

Then there are the Hogs, the self-styled porkers on the offensive line. Running Back Joe Washington, a six-year vet, says the 'Skins have the best offensive line he has ever played behind. But who ever hears much about offensive lines? Perhaps striving for an identity, the blockers jocularly nicknamed themselves the Hogs mostly because they all never met a meal they didn't like. Once a week they wear their HOGS T-shirts to practice. If a Hog should forget his, he's fined \$5. The money will be used for a Hog Feast at the season's end.

And finally there was the case of "Officer" Dexter Manley, the Redskins' defensive right end. Last Monday Manley was stopped by police for driving with altered temporary license tags on his car. The officer noticed a badge in Manley's wallet and Manley produced a card identifying himself as a deputy sheriff in Fairfax County, Va. Later, police learned that Manley had, in fact, resigned as a deputy on June 13 and charged him both with altering his tags and impersonating an officer. And they made him turn in his badge. The 'Skins are a team that enjoys needling anyone with a problem. In training camp they rode Moseley unmer-

cifully when it looked as if he would be traded. And so they jumped gleefully on Manley all last week, calling him "an officer and a gentleman" and incessantly doing a "Car 54, Where Are You?" routine. "Everybody was sounding like a siren," said Manley.

But on Sunday, if the 240-pound Manley didn't have a last laugh, he at least had one of the big plays. He stopped Philly's Louie Giammona in the final quarter on a fourth-and-one at the Redskins 18, gathering up the diminutive Giammona in a bear hug at the line of scrimmage.

Presiding over all of this is Theismann, who's a veritable Captain Public Relations because of his ability to make friends. Theismann, it's said, doesn't deem the day complete until he has his picture taken with a child. He also has the gift of gab, a talent he puts to good use when he serves as a morning disc jockey on WPGC-FM, a Washington area radio station.

Theismann has been undefeated well into a season before; in 1978, his first year as a full-time starter, the Redskins won their first six games, and then went

on to finish 8-8. That started the gripes. "You name the raps, I've had 'em," Theismann said last week. "My arm isn't strong enough. I don't stay in the pocket, and I scramble too much. I stay with my primary receivers too long. It goes on and on. I've been knocked every way a quarterback can be during my 12 years. My wife, Cheryl, used to say, 'Why not ask them to trade you?'"

Obviously, Theismann has his stride under Gibbs, who served apprenticeships under Don Coryell at St. Louis and San Diego and as John McKay's offensive coordinator at Tampa Bay. Gibbs, who wears glasses, doesn't exactly look like a pro coach. And he teaches a Bible-study class on Sundays and has a religious vocabulary rarely heard among NFL brain trusters. He's also low-key and without pretension. In fact, last week a visiting writer, observing a man dressed in a frumpy gray sweatshirt, thought the guy was the 'Skins' equipment man. It was Gibbs.

But he has managed, through hard work and that old NFL success ingredient, strength of character, to make win-

ners of a collection of barely known newcomers and a few veterans such as Theismann, Moseley and Running Back John Riggins. One way or another they eke out a victory.

In Sunday's less-than-ideal weather conditions, both sides had practically to eke their hearts out, so sparse was the scoring. Moseley's 45-yard field goal with 9:46 to go in the first quarter provided



Gibbs is simply another offensive genius



the first points. It was his ninth straight attempt without a miss. Brown's touchdown came five minutes into the second quarter, and Moseley's second field goal finished the Redskins' scoring toward the end of the third quarter. Philadelphia, meanwhile, was scoring twice in the third quarter, the first time when Tony Franklin kicked a 41-yard field goal, the second when Jaworski and Carmichael teamed on a 44-yard touchdown play, after which Franklin blew the extra point. And that took care of the point-making for the day.

The fourth quarter was nothing but a struggle, with the interceptions by Murphy and then Peters turning back Philadelphia each time it seemed poised for the kill. For the workmanlike Redskins, it was simply another day, another dollar. Nothing seems to come easy in Washington this year, but for the 'Skins, it just keeps coming.

END

Moseley, one of the last of the straight-on kickers, had two field goals and one PAT.

He Took It All And Would Not Fall

Bent but unbroken, Tex Cobb stood up to Larry Holmes's hardest shots

by PAT PUTNAM

Right state, wrong site. If ever a fight belonged in the Alamo, it was last Friday night's battle between WBC heavyweight champion Larry Holmes and Randall (Tex) Cobb in Houston's Astrodome. Like the Alamo, this was a mismatch involving a great measure of courage—if it can be said that jumping in front of a locomotive is courageous.

At the end, Cobb indeed looked as if he'd been hit by a fast freight. But he was undaunted and grinning—and looking for an immediate rematch. "Like tomorrow night," he said. "And then the night after that, and then the night after that. The s o b has to get tired sometime."

The only thing Holmes got tired of was hurting Cobb. Against the WBC's fifth-ranked contender, Holmes was at his best, which is close to perfection. That he was in with a fighter who often punches like a kick boxer (which Cobb was) should take nothing away from Holmes's 41st straight win and his 13th successful title defense. It's the curse of the 33-year-old, unbeaten Holmes that he reduces



opponents to mediocrity, and then he's measured not by his own performance but by that of his opponent.

Cobb's record was fair enough: 20-2, with victories over Earnie Shavers and Bernardo Mercado and a very questionable loss to Kenny Norton. And while he dropped a 10-round decision to Michael Dokes, now the No. 1 contender, he had Dokes in big trouble.

Yet, Holmes deftly turned Cobb into a ponderous dart board who could win but one round on only one official's card. "And I only gave him that one, the seventh," Judge Larry Hassad said, "because Holmes took the round off."

Holmes found that amusing. "It had to be the seventh," he said. "I'm supersti-

tious about that round. That's the round Shavers knocked me down. And when [Remiel] Snipes knocked me down, I get a little cautious in the seventh now."

Cobb's plan was to jab powerfully to the body, over and under the heart, which is what fighters do when their jabs are too slow to go to the head. "But you know all that brilliant prefight strategy is only good until the first time you get hit in the mouth," Cobb said. "After that, all you are doing is trying to keep your butt off the floor."

Another concern in Cobb's camp was cuts. "If Larry doesn't bust him open in the first six rounds, we're in good shape," Trainer Georgie Benton said.

Cobb took his first cut the day before



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN IACONO

ropes and out of the corners. Give him a quick left jab and get out of there. He has to set up to punch. When he's set up, you be gone."

Another Cobb stratagem was to counter whatever Holmes threw. It was the same mistake most fighters made against Muhammad Ali. It's awfully hard to counter-punch effectively against a good left hand and movement. By the time you slip or parry a jab and get set to counter, your target is gone.

In Round 1 Holmes introduced Cobb to the snake job. In the second he took the wraps off his right and a left hook he'd rarely used before. After that it was all downhill for the challenger, who doggedly shuffled after his swifter tormentor. Cobb has only one gear: forward, and only one speed: slow. Through the first eight rounds Holmes paced himself, as he ducked Cobb's heavy but ponderous punches, jabbing on the run, only occasionally boring in for a quick burst before moving on.

Then in the eighth Holmes hurt Cobb with twin sets of double hooks, and Referee Steve Croson asked Cobb if he could see all right.

"Sure," Cobb said. "I can see you. You're white."

After the ninth, in which Holmes battered Cobb from bell to bell, Futch said, "Larry, what are you doing? Shavers hit this guy and couldn't put him down. Norton hit him and couldn't put him down. Mercado hit him with everything but the referee and couldn't hurt him. Cut it out. Just jab and pick your spots."

After the 12th, Holmes wearily concurred, saying, "Eddie, I think this guy is going to stay here all night."

But the shelling continued. And now Holmes's hands were hurting. As he went to his corner after the 14th he watched Cobb stagger around the ring looking for his own corner. "Enough of this," Holmes thought. "I'm not going to hit him this round if I don't have to."

For the first 90 seconds of the 15th Holmes tried to stay away from the stall-charging Cobb. Finally, in self-defense, he was forced to fight back. "I didn't want any knockout in the 15th because that's when guys get killed," he said later. "I could hear the crowd booing when I didn't hit him. They wanted me to kill him and then say how bad it was. He's a good man with a lot of courage. I just didn't want to hit him anymore."

At the end, Cobb clasped Holmes and said, "Hey, next time let's fight in a telephone booth."

Holmes grinned. "Tell you what," he said. "I'll just give you my home phone number and you call me the fight."

A few hours later Holmes went to a victory party at his hotel. He had hardly arrived when King cornered him and said, "Larry, I lost \$700,000 on this fight. I'm going to have to cut your purse another \$200,000."

"Like hell you are," snarled Holmes, whose original \$2.1 million purse had already been reduced to \$1.6 million because of a fall-off in TV revenues when the fight was switched from Monday to Friday. "Remember at the Salvador Sanchez-Azumah Nelson fight in July you said you'd just lost \$300,000 and then you laughed? Well, you just take your \$700,000 loss and laugh now. You aren't going to cut me another dime."

Enraged, Holmes stalked from the party. The following morning, after only three hours of restless sleep, he went downstairs for breakfast. "King belittled me," he said as he ate. "He embarrassed me. He always wants to reduce my pay. I'm just going to look for another fight with another promoter. I'm going to call Bob Arum. Look at me. My hands are killing me. My eyes are bloodshot. My body is aching. And he wants to cut me. He couldn't even wait until today."

King, who also functions as Holmes's manager and has promoted his fights since 1973, said he didn't remember asking Holmes to take another pay cut. "I must have been drunk. I don't remember. Now he has fortified all this with the press before we could rap."

Cobb had taken his \$500,000 and headed for a saloon. The only people who are going to cut that half-million are bartenders. But he'll be back. Just give him time to get rid of his thirst.

the fight, when, as he describes it, promoter Don King told him, "According to your contract you were supposed to be in here two weeks early to help promote the fight and you just got here. [In fact, he'd arrived four days before, on Nov. 21.] As a penalty I'm cutting your purse \$200,000, to \$500,000. And you can take it or leave it."

After injuries and red tape cost him a shot at WBA champ Mike Weaver, Cobb wasn't about to let \$200,000 stand between him and Holmes. "I'll just have to leave the bar sooner," he said.

The fight opened as expected, with Holmes moving and jabbing. "He's going to go after your body," Trainer Eddie Futch had warned Holmes. "Stay off the



Nebraska Posts A Real Big Victory

The Huskers outscored Oklahoma to gain a berth in the Orange Bowl
by JOHN PAPANEK

There were only 46 seconds remaining to be played when the Oklahoma offense came onto the field in what had been a thrilling football game at Lincoln, Neb. last Friday. While 76,398 sometimes unruly fans at Memorial Stadium held their collective breaths, Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne, whose Cornhuskers were clinging to a 28-24 lead, stood nervously on the sidelines fearing he was about to relive a bad dream. "Oh, please, no," he thought. "Not again. . . ."

Osborne's morbid reflections had two sources. One was Oklahoma's history of pulling out victories over Nebraska in the final moments: Oklahoma had won eight of the 10 games between the two teams, including a 31-24 victory in the 1979 Orange Bowl, since Osborne and Barry Switzer became rival head coaches in 1973. The other was more immediate: the 27-24 loss to Penn State on Sept. 25 that, it turned out, ruined Nebraska's chances for a perfect season. On that day, as on this one, Nebraska seemed to have the game put away, 24-21, when Penn State took over in the final 1:18 and drove the length of the field for a touchdown. With that, Nebraska's hopes of winning the national championship all but flew out the window. If Oklahoma scored now, the Big Eight championship and a berth in the Orange Bowl would take wing, too.

But Penn State was the irretrievable past and the Orange Bowl was the attainable future. Oklahoma was now. The Huskers and Sooners each had a prodigious offense, which suggested that in the end it would be defense that would win this one. Going into the game Nebraska held a 9-1 record and led the nation in total offense (523.9 yards per game) and rushing offense (395.5). Oklahoma, with an 8-2 record, was No. 2 in rushing offense (344). "People who have played us both give an edge to our offense and to the Sooners' defense," said Osborne before the game. But both attacks would be

During Nebraska's 28-24 win, fans threw oranges; after it, they downed the uprights.

at less than 100%. Nebraska's Mike Rozier, a tailback who had rushed for 1,482 yards this season, had been limping around on a twisted right ankle all week. Oklahoma's sensational freshman tailback, Marcus Dupree, had spent several days in the hospital with a nagging cold.

Still, it was Rozier (pronounced ro-ZEER) and his fellow New Jerseyan, Irving Fryar, who got the Cornhuskers rolling to a 21-10 first-half lead, moving the football behind an offensive line centered by 292-pound All-America Dave Rimington. Rozier went slashing left and right off Rimington's haunches and looping wide on options for 96 yards in the first two quarters. But after two carries in the second half, Rozier had had it; he spent the rest of the game watching, and hoping, and freezing on the sidelines along with Osborne. "The cold [31° at game time] hurt worse than the ankle," Rozier said later.

His running—"It wasn't too hard with Rimington and our offensive line blocking for me, even with my bad ankle," he said—went a long way toward setting up the first Nebraska touchdown, which the Huskers' wizard of an option quarterback, Turner Gill, scored from 14 yards out on fourth-and-one before Oklahoma ran a play. The Sooners' Scott Case had initiated the Nebraska drive by fumbling away a punt on his own 44.

Gill, a junior from Fort Worth whose abilities as a shortstop made him the White Sox' second-round draft choice in 1980, was so coveted by Oklahoma that Switzer promised to tailor the Sooners' offense around him. "Turner Gill would just have been a tremendous quarterback for our kind of game," says Switzer. "He does everything so well."

But so does the Sooners' Dupree, who was averaging 7.3 yards per carry and had made such an impact—he'd made one run of at least 63 yards in five of the six previous games—that Switzer had seen fit to declare the 6' 3", 233-pound freshman better than Billy Sims, Oklahoma's '78 Heisman Trophy winner. Switzer also pronounced that "Marcus Dupree came in here with E.T. He's from another world." Which may be true, depending on what one thinks of Philadelphia, Miss.

"Gee," said Nebraska Defensive End



Craig climbed the heights in Rozier's stead, going over the top for a three-yard TD.

Tony Felici, "I've never played anybody from outer space before. I wonder how it feels to tackle somebody like that?"

It couldn't have felt very good, that's for certain. When Oklahoma finally did get the football, Dupree carried on eight of the Sooners' first 12 plays, running around defenders, through defenders, and carrying them on his back. He'd poked up 31 of Oklahoma's 62 yards on the Sooners' first touchdown drive, including the final two to tie the game. That proved just a teaser for what was to come.

Oklahoma gained a 10-7 lead, with a

second-quarter field goal. And, worse for Nebraska, Rozier was now hobbling and his replacement, Roger Craig, was bobbling, so the Huskers had to look elsewhere for their offense. Although Nebraska has a reputation for having had an unimaginative, albeit powerful, attack over the years, Osborne also has been noted for his bag of trick plays that he has used in big games. In 1976 the Bummercooky, a play named after then Houston Oilers Coach Bum Phillips, in which a short snap in punt formation set up a running play, helped the Cornhuskers score

continued



NEBRASKA-OKLAHOMA continued

against Missouri; in the 1979 Oklahoma game, the Fumble-roosky, which involved an intentional "fumble" that was designed to get the Sooners to chase the Husker quarterback in one direction while a Nebraska guard picked up the football and took off with it in another direction, resulted in a touchdown. This time Osborne reached in his bag and

Dupree ran for 125 yards and a pair of TDs on a two-yard burst and an 86-yard burst.

pulled out the Bounceroosky. On first-and-10 from his own 49, Gill threw what looked like a bounce pass into the artificial turf halfway between himself and Fryar, the wingback, who had swung wide, almost to the left sideline. A bounce pass is exactly what it was—Gill is a pretty good basketball player, too—as became obvious when Fryar fielded the ball like a shorstop taking a charity hop and hurled it downfield to Tight End Mitch Krenk for a 37-yard completion. That set up Fullback Doug Wilkenang's two-yard touchdown plunge, and that made the score 14-10 late in the second quarter.

Osborne had installed the Bounceroosky—otherwise known as Pro Left 91 Bounce Pass Left—only 13 days earlier. And when he sent the call for it in from the bench, Fryar thought to himself, "Uh, oh." Fryar had several large responsibilities. He had to be sure he was behind Gill so that the pass would be a lateral. He had to be sure to field it cleanly because it would be a live ball. Then he was supposed to act as though he had thrown an incomplete pass so the defense

would relax. "The big thing was for Irving to look disgusted, to make it look like a bad pass," said Krenk, who, along with his teammates, had enjoyed practicing the trick play. "It gave us something to look forward to."

"We worked on it so much, I figured we'd try it," said Osborne. "We probably threw it 20 times in practice and I think it worked on 19 of them."

Fryar started on Nebraska's next series as well, with a clutch third-down pass reception, followed by a nine-yard run on a wingback reverse, which led to another touchdown run by Wilkenang. Fryar came to Nebraska from Rancocas Valley H.S. in Mount Holly, N.J., best known as the home of the Harris brothers of Penn State fame. Fryar came in a package with Rozier, who hails from nearby Camden, via Coffeyville (Kans.) J.C. "Mike and I decided to go together," says Fryar. "Everybody from our area wanted to go to Penn State. Not us. We just wanted to be different. Nebraska is about as different as you can get from New Jersey."

And so it was 21-10 Cornhuskers when Oklahoma took the second-half kickoff. "We felt that if we held them, then scored right away, we'd break down their confidence a little bit," said Nebraska linebacker Steve Damkroger. It looked as though that was happening when, on first down, Nebraska Cornerback Allen Lyday plastered Dupree, who was trying to sweep left end, for a one-yard loss. On third-and-11, Oklahoma Quarterback Kelly Phelps dropped back to pass. Nebraska's defense, fired up now, was blitzing. The linebackers were crashing and the ends were looping, guarding against a screen.

But Oklahoma had made a perfect call against such tactics. The left side of the offensive line pinned the blitzing defenders to the inside. Phelps brought the ball to his hip and handed it on a draw to Dupree, who flew through a giant hole at left tackle. Once past the line of scrimmage, Dupree cut toward the left sideline and ran away from everybody else, for 86 yards and the touchdown that made it 21-17. The TD was both a triumph for the Sooners and an embarrassment for Osborne, who had made a rare attempt at

continued



A last-ditch, 78-yard Oklahoma drive ended in a nosediv touchdown by Stanley Wilson.

TOUCH THE BEAUTY THAT IS MCS.

Feel the integrated spirit of MCS®. What's shown here is a 15 watt stereo mode, 3700-40 watt stereo receiver with crystal resonant quartz and tuning 6.1MHz preset stations, digital frequency readout, and internal 800 Hz, 3 way near phase bass reflex speakers with power 10" drivers, 2" cone midrange, and 2" dome tweeter. The MCS system. Regularly priced at 779* if purchased with purchased speakers. The package sale price is 499** Save 280**.



*15 watts RMS, per ch., 7 ch. driven at 10%
20-20,000 Hz with not more than 0.05% THD
Prices higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.
MCS® Series Audio Components sold exclusively at J.C. Penney
©1982 The J. C. Penney Company, Inc.

MCS STEREO
FOR THE SENSES
Sold only at J.C. Penney



1983 FORD MUSTANG



IT'S MORE THAN A CONVERTIBLE. IT'S A MUSTANG.

Mustang Convertible. It comes complete with an electric convertible top, a real glass rear window, and room for four. And, that makes it a complete convertible.

But, it also comes complete with the wind in your hair and a pounding in your heart. And that makes it a Mustang.

Limited availability. Whether you buy or lease, see your Ford Dealer and place your order now. And remember, get it together — buckle up.



HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD...LATELY?



FORD DIVISION

KOOL LIGHTS

There's only one way
to play it.

There's only one
sensation this refreshing.
Low 'tar' Kool Lights.
The taste doesn't
miss a beat.



Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, 100's, 10 mg. "tar",
0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

calling the defensive alignment. "I don't stick my nose in the defense too much," he said later. "But I told them we ought to blitz on that play. I don't think I do very well as a defensive coach."

Nebraska, however, came right back with an 80-yard touchdown drive, kept alive by an 11-yard Gill scramble on third-and-14 and a 15-yard penalty against Oklahoma for a late hit. Craig, going it alone with Rozier out, slanted over left end from the three for the score. It was 28-17 one moment, and, after a quick Sooner touchdown drive, 28-24 the next.

Both defenses stiffened in the fourth quarter, and there was still no telling how the game would end. "I was sure it would come down to whoever hit the ball last," said Ramington. Oklahoma looked as if it might use up most of the final five minutes as it marched steadily from its own 34 to the Cornhusker 35. Had Oklahoma gone for, and made, a two-point conversion on its last touchdown, a field goal would have been enough for a tie. But a tie would have hardly been satisfying to Switzer—or to the folks back in Norman, for that matter. Then suddenly, with 2:56 to go and the Sooners facing a second and six, Switzer eschewed the time-consuming running game—Dupree had managed to rack up 149 yards, but was tired and on the bench much of the last quarter—and called three straight passes, none of which was anywhere close to the mark. Phelps, a 37.5% passer coming into the game, had completed four of six in the first half, but he connected on only two of 13 in the second against a more determined Nebraska. "Our defense really saved our bacon," said Osborne. Even Phelps didn't understand why he was ordered to throw. "I don't want to say it was a bad idea or anything," he said later. "Myself and a few other offensive players thought we should have run the ball right then."

Oklahoma got its last chance after Nebraska failed to make a first down, taking possession at its own 28 with only 46 seconds and no time-outs left. Still, Osborne couldn't purge the memory of the Penn State game or all those other Oklahoma scuttles from his mind. Happily for the Huskers, Phelps is no Todd Blackledge. He threw two more sorry incompletions.



Fryar caught five passes, one off a charity hop.

Then he floated a screen pass toward Fred Sims, but Scott Strasburger, a rarely used defensive end from Holdrege, Neb., who turned down a scholarship to Dartmouth to be a walk-on at Nebraska, read the play, stepped in and intercepted the ball. "We worked on that play all week," said Strasburger. "It's one where they let the defensive linemen go in. I saw the

fullback coming and I knew right away what it was. I just wanted to grab the ball. I didn't know whether to fall down or run. I kept running." He was tackled one yard short of the Oklahoma end zone by Phelps.

Instantly the Red Hordes—thousands of victory-crazed Nebraska fans—swarmed the field. The partisan crowd, which had distinguished itself throughout the game by throwing oranges on the field—one university policeman was knocked out and sent to the hospital—tried to mug Strasburger for the ball, but he held on to it with all his strength. The mob cost the Cornhuskers a 15-yard penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct. "In 25 years in the Big Eight," said referee Vance Carlson, "I never called an unsportsmanlike conduct with 24 seconds left." When the field was cleared, decency demanded Nebraska run out the clock and take the four-point victory rather than go for another touchdown.

Later, with his trophy safe, Strasburger said, "Now that I think about it, it's probably best that I didn't score. If I had, the final score wouldn't have reflected the true competitiveness of the game. I've got the ball and I'm taking it home. That's all I care about."

END



Gill, who "does everything so well," says Switzer, passed for 74 yards and rushed for 65.

ALL HORNS UP!!!

When halftime interrupts the crunch of colliding pads in the Florida-Florida State game this Saturday, the FSU Marching Chiefs, the subjects of this pictorial journal, will swing into spectacular, close-order musical action. Three hundred strong, the Marching Chiefs move through their formations in precise $22\frac{1}{2}$ " steps, and 16 majorettes, 22 flag bearers and eight rifle bearers step out to the stirring sound of a 40-piece trumpet section and 28 drums, named according to size from Bitsy to Bertha. Florida State occasionally may lose a football game, but never a halftime show.

Photographs by Bruce Kimmelman

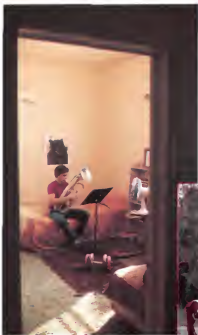




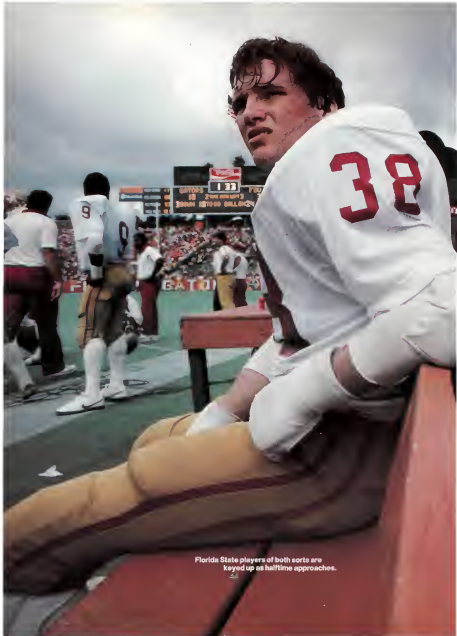
CONTINUED



After a six-day work week—two hours of en masse practicing each day plus scales and arpeggios on the side—the Chiefs are ready for their 12-minute pregame and 12-minute halftime shows. For away games they load themselves into seven buses, their props into one van and then go for it. After an on-site dress rehearsal (uniform pants only) and the application of war paint, it's time to hit the stadium.







Florida State players of both sorts are keyed up as halftime approaches.

24



CONTINUED



Horns up! A star is born in 16 seconds, thanks to three weeks of drilling. The Chiefs play six tunes at halftime, Dixieland to Top 40 to the classics. They also execute at least six formations per show, from lines to squares to circles to spell-outs. When the game's on, the members despair and exult depending on whether it looks as if their team's bubble will burst. When it's over, they're usually the last ones off the field. For all this, the Marching Chiefs—half of whom are music majors—earn an hour of credit. As one says, "We get paid in applause."



It lasted maybe two seconds," says James Lofton, rising from his seat in the cocktail lounge of the Midway Motor Lodge in Green Bay. "I went like this." He stands and takes a step forward, sweeping his right hand upward, middle finger extended, past his head and then quickly down. Lofton is a regal man—6' 3", 198 pounds, angular and neatly bearded and dressed; the gesture, in its brief crudity, fits him ill.

Lofton returns to his seat. Here and

there in the bar are hulking, thick-necked men, obviously Packers. But Lofton is one of those lucky NFL players who in street clothes look like normal human beings. Though his upper arms, lats, delts and triceps are overdeveloped, his legs, waist, wrists and neck are slender. He can bench-press 350 pounds, but his wife of almost two years, Beverly, didn't know he played pro football until six weeks after they met, when she saw his trophies in his father's house in Los Angeles.

continued

A Picture-Perfect End

That's Green Bay's James Lofton, a troubled young man until he met the woman who gave new focus to his life

by RICK TELANDER





My sock runneth over.

Myers's. The first collection of luxury rums.



Antique model soldiers, circa 1812, the Napoleonic wars. Old guard drummer. Dragon officer on horseback. Grenadier & Cheval color bearer.

MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE.
Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK.
The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The Beginning of the Myers's Flavor Legend.

MYERS'S GOLDEN RICH.
A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.

Myers's Rums. The taste is priceless.

MYERS'S RUMS. 40 PROOF. FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN JACOBUS, PE.

"A photographer was on the sidelines," continues Lofton with a shrug. "And he got it, just at that instant. That's the picture you saw."

The photo, seen all over Wisconsin, showed Lofton in uniform, flipping the bird to Green Bay fans. That was in 1979, his second year in the league, and he was having problems.

Lofton, a gifted wide receiver, had a brilliant rookie season, catching 46 passes for 818 yards and six touchdowns, being named NFC Offensive Rookie of the Year and gaining a berth in the Pro Bowl. But in 1979, with the Packers losing consistently—they would finish 5-11—he started losing his cool. After an early season overtime defeat to Minnesota, Lofton threw his pads into his locker during the Packers' postgame prayer and had words with Coach Bart Starr. He also dropped some passes observers felt he should have caught, leading a Green Bay newspaper to run a cartoon in which he was called a "ham-handed and over-paid receiver."

Then during a loss to the Jets at Green Bay in November, the fans booed Lofton for fumbling a fourth-quarter pass. Lofton replied by saluting them with his middle finger. He made things worse by stating in a postgame TV interview that he was generally bleeped-off at the stupid bleeps in the stands. That prompted a Packers public-relations man to say of him, "He needs to grow up. He's a prima donna."

"It was a bad time," Lofton says now, sipping a light beer and staring at the floor. "All I was doing, really, was rebelling against losing. I'd been a winner at so many things just before then. At Stanford my senior year we went 8-3 and won the Sun Bowl. Then I was named MVP in the Senior Bowl, and in the Challenge Bowl in the Kingdom I caught six passes for 158 yards. After that I won the NCAA long-jump championship and in another meet had a jump of 27', the best in the world that year. I was the sixth player taken in the first round of the 1978 NFL draft, and my first season in Green Bay we went 8-7-1."

"I came back that second year expecting things to get better, and when they didn't, I became frustrated. I complained about the coaches and the offense, and I felt this rage inside. I thought the anger would make me play better, but of course it didn't, and I knew that I had to change. I decided that during the off-season I



Life is a picnic with Beverly, who brought James the tranquility that he was seeking.

was going to work to make myself a better person."

He pauses and then says something too corny not to be true: "That's when she came along."

"She" is the former Beverly Fanning of Malvern, Ark., the second runner-up in the 1975 Miss Arkansas contest and now Lofton's wife. They met at a New Year's Eve party at the end of 1979 in Los Angeles, where Beverly had moved to pursue a singing career. "My heart went pitty-pat," says Lofton of their first encounter. "Until then I was convinced I would be a searcher who would never find what he was after, a frustrated bachelor all my life."

After a year of courting they married in Hawaii, and the change in Lofton's attitude was dramatic. "Before, when my feathers got ruffled, I had to show it to everybody," he says. "Now, I have somebody I can talk to and be myself with. I can treat each day of football like another day at the office; I don't have to be like those guys who go out and smash up bars when they're frustrated."

Beverly, a cheerful, considerate woman who put aside her show-business aspirations to move to Green Bay, wishes

only that she had encountered Lofton sooner. "When I met him, he had a real desire to change," she says. "He was unhappy, and he knew he had to get down off his high horse and stop thinking he was better than everybody else. But those things he did that year—I just don't think he would have done them if I'd been around."

Tranquility has been good to Lofton. In each of the two seasons since he met Beverly, 1980 and '81, he caught 71 passes for more than 1,200 yards. His total last year, 1,294 yards, broke a 29-year-old Packer receiving record and was second in the NFL to the 1,358 yards gained by Atlanta's Alford Jenkins. This year in the Packer wins in their two pre-strike games. Lofton caught eight passes for 160 yards and one touchdown, and he provided the most memorable moment of the early season with his 83-yard scoring run on an end around against the Giants in a Monday night game, the last before the players walked out. As Green Bay's player rep he was busy during the strike, keeping his teammates up to date, organizing workouts and serving as team spokesman. He also spent 14 days in New York at the end of the negotiations. In

continued



JAMES LOFTON *continued*

the Packers' two games since the settlement—a 26-7 win over Minnesota and a 15-13 loss to the Jets, giving Green Bay a 3-1 season mark—he has caught five passes for 84 yards.

There is, indeed, a growing sentiment that Lofton is the best wide receiver in the league. Last year, for instance, he got more All-Pro votes than any other offensive player. Many of his receptions, because they come in Green Bay's less-than-ideal weather conditions, are recognized as exceptional achievements. And the old bad-hands rap clearly was twaddle. Against the Rams last year he caught a TD pass and then raised the ball in victorious salute, all without ever touching it with his left hand.

And of course there's his speed. Lofton has run a 4.3 40. "I've always envied him," sighs Packer Tight End Paul Coffman. "He's a gazelle, while I'm one of those guys about whom they always said, 'If he could run, he could play in the NFL.'" At Stanford, which Lofton attended on a track scholarship, he qualified for the 1978 NCAA Track & Field Championships in the 100-, 200- and 400-meter dashes as well as in the long jump. "He's got, like, this afterburner,"

explains New England Cornerback Ray Clayborn. "It seems the longer he goes, the faster he gets."

"Mike Bolt [1972 Olympic bronze medalist in the 800 meters] was in grad school when I was at Stanford, and he was the first great athlete I ever saw train," says Lofton. "He did things I didn't think were humanly possible. He would let other runners get 30 yards ahead of him in a 220 and then he'd beat them. He'd do that 20 times in a row. When he kicked in a meet, it would look effortless. But I knew what he'd done to make it look that way. And that's what I'd like to be able to do myself, to make

The relationship between Stan and star has turned into a mutual admiration society.

things appear effortless." As a wide receiver, he's now very close.

But it wasn't always that way. Because he ran track each spring, Lofton was treated with a certain disdain when he came out for football at Stanford every fall. At Washington High School in Los Angeles, he'd been a skinny quarterback with long strides but little else going for him. "If I'd been any good I think USC or UCLA would have recruited me," Lofton says. He became a receiver at Stanford, where he started only in his senior year. He might not have been a regular even then had Bill Walsh, now the esteemed coach of the 49ers, not arrived at Stanford from the San Diego Chargers that season. Walsh saw Lofton's potential, showed him films of Bengal All-Pro Receiver Isaac Curtis' moves and imbued him with, according to Lofton, "one simple philosophy: 'You've got to believe you're better than anybody else.'"

Dick Corrick, the Packers' Director of Player Personnel, scouted Lofton at Stanford and was impressed even when Lofton didn't play much. "Before he was a starter he did a great job on special teams," says Corrick. "He certainly didn't lack for courage. You could tell he'd only get better if he could concentrate on just one sport."

And Lofton had yet another athletic gift to offer: intelligence. As an industrial engineering major at Stanford, he had a B+ average, and he found the symbols and technological jargon of ad-



If Lofton isn't the NFL's best receiver, the man at the next locker, Jefferson, may be.

vanced football strategy easy to assimilate. Veteran Packer Quarterback Lynn Dickey recalls a film session at the beginning of Green Bay's 1978 training camp when an unfamiliar voice at the back of the room kept hollering out the correct coverages each time Receiver Coach Lew Carpenter asked a question. "Finally I had to turn around in the dark to see who it was," says Dickey. "It was James. He'd only been in camp two days and he already knew the whole system. I've never seen a rookie pick things up as fast as he did."

Green Bay Offensive Backfield Coach Pete Kettela was the receiver coach at Stanford during Lofton's first three years there, and he recalls the Stanford-Cal game in Lofton's sophomore season. "James was sprinting downfield covering



During the strike, player rep Lofton was a target of media attention; after it, he was again the focus of the Packers' passing.



a punt that apparently was going to be fair-caught," Kettela says. "He looked back, saw the ball was going to clear the receiver, ran around him, caught the ball on the fly and downed it on the two-yard line. Now, not many guys even know you can catch your own team's punt. But to get down there that fast, realize the receiver is faking a fair catch, look back into the sun, run around the man without touching him, set up and catch the ball—that's amazing."

But the label of "best receiver" probably would sit easier on Lofton's shoulders if another candidate for the title didn't dress in the locker next to his: three-time All-Pro John Jefferson, the safety-glassed, glue-fingered bundle of high-fives the Packers acquired from San Die-

go early last season. Jefferson caught only 39 passes in 13 games for the Packers in 1981, but he thrilled fans with his reckless enthusiasm. His stats with San Diego—three 1,000-plus-yard seasons, 199 total catches, 36 TDs—indicate that more big numbers could well be on the way. Indeed, *The Sporting News* predicted that Jefferson would be this year's NFL Player of the Year.

For now, though, the ebullient Jefferson accepts his role as Pincho to Lofton's Cisco Kid. "Hey, I look at it like this," he says. "I've probably already gained about as much publicity as a guy needs. My job is to get us to the playoffs. And anyway, the way it's set up here, it seems that if one of us does halfway decent and the other does super, both of us will benefit.

There aren't that many stars on this team, so basically we're it."

Lofton and Jefferson are pals, and their synchronized, flying hand-jive displays after touchdowns are almost as carefully choreographed as the production numbers in *A Chorus Line*. Indeed, Jefferson's presence on the Packers seems to have considerably lightened up the sometimes remote, stone-faced Lofton. Various pictures of the two receivers adorn the walls of the Packers' complex. Socks pulled high, double wristbands on each forearm, towels flapping from waistbands, the two always seem just about to giggle. And both openly wish success for the other. "I think I work the hardest when I'm running decoy for J.J.," says Lofton. "I want to make sure he has the best chance possible and that he doesn't get hurt. I know he does the same for me."

Lofton has long since forgotten the words he had with Starr in the locker room several years ago. "I love Bart," he says. "He's the most honest, sincere man I've ever met." Says Starr, "James is a great team player and leader."

But some of the uneasiness Lofton felt back then had nothing to do with his coach or losing. It had to do with being black in a small, ultra-white community (pop. 87,899; 25% blacks). It's a situation all black Packers must deal with sooner or later. Some, such as former

continued

Cornerback Willie Buchanan, who demanded to be traded at any cost, can't deal with the alienation. Others, like Jefferson, who recently formed a four-man teammate singing group called the Pac-Men, work hard to adapt. The Pac-Men, says Jefferson, plan to tour the state during the off-season, singing at benefits and business meetings, to crank up enthusiasm for the team. Why didn't Jefferson recruit Lofton? "I considered it," he says, "but have you heard him sing?"

For Lofton, an urban California native, coming to terms with Green Bay just took some calming down. He had to get used to living in a place where people started sentences with "Yah hey" and where, as a 1981 report in *The Milwaukee Journal* on the difficulties black people encounter living in Green Bay stated, "being black is still a novelty." It was at an autograph-signing session at a Green Bay car dealership his rookie year that Lofton had his eyes opened. A man approached with his shy son and pointed at Lofton. "Do you know what he is?" the man asked the boy. The boy remained mute. "He's a nigger," said the father. "And do you know what else he is?" The boy said nothing. "He's a Packer. Get his autograph."

"The man didn't even mean it in a derogatory way," says Lofton, shaking his head. "It was great." Lofton is a kisser, a man who likes to keep people off-balance by pulling their legs. In past Packer press guides he has listed "earthquake study" and "whale watching" as two of his hobbies. But he couldn't joke away the discomfort blacks feel in pale-skinned Green Bay, where as recently as last year a district attorney couldn't even form a lineup after apprehending a black suspect because there weren't any other blacks around. "How do you get a lineup?" asked the D.A. "Ask Bart Starr to send over 10 people?"

Since settling down with Beverly, Lofton has decided to make the best of it in the Great White North. He has bought a house in Green Bay—and purchased a condominium in Milwaukee—to go with two homes in California and another in Little Rock, Ark., which are now investment properties. He has become active in charities and said nothing but good things about the Packers and their fans.

And Beverly helped the Lofton image by singing the national anthem at the Packers' last four home games of 1981.

"I'm leaning on staying," says Lofton. "I've become familiar with things up here. I like it. There are some things about the culture I don't understand, but then I don't think they understand all of it, either." To show that he can still fool around, Lofton updated his press-guide hobbies to include "active whale watching."



A little neighbor skies for a lofty Lofton high five.

Lofton's parents divorced when he was seven, and in what Lofton describes as "the opposite of the experience of most blacks" in that situation he was raised by his father, Michael Lofton, 68, a retired Army lieutenant colonel and civilian banking executive, recalls James as the most motivated and competitive of his four children, of whom James was the youngest. "He was an average little boy who loved hot dogs and Kool-Aid," says Mr. Lofton, who still lives in the Los Angeles house he has resided in since the divorce. "But he had to do the best he could at everything—games, sports, even schoolwork."

When James was in the sixth grade his teacher sent a note to his father asking

him to drop by school the next Monday. "That was on a Friday," Mr. Lofton recalls, "and I worried all weekend. Was it drugs? What had he done? When I got to school his teacher said, 'Where's Mrs. Lofton?'" I said, "There isn't one now. But what has my boy done?" "Nothing," she said. "He's an A student and I just wanted to meet his parents."

Bill Walsh told Lofton back at Stanford that success demands a certain display of confidence and class, that when

he made it big he should buy himself a Porsche. Lofton has one, a dark blue 911 SC. He also has a lunch pail that, according to Beverly, tells you as much about her husband as you need to know. "The thing I've found is that James is partly a romantic, a man who loves the arts and sentimental things, and that he's partly a little boy. Some of the Packers take their lunches to work. Well, James decided he needed a lunch pail. So he went to the store and when he came out he said, 'Wait till you see what I got!' He had this little square lunch pail with monsters on it. He was excited because it was the last one in the store. So now he drives to practice in his Porsche with his briefcase and his little monster lunch pail."

This isn't to imply that Lofton has gone soft. Hardly. In the Packers' last preseason game, against New England, an official ruled Lofton had caught a ball out of bounds. Furious, he threw the ball behind him and the Pats' bench. On the next play he was hit late after gaining 15 yards on an end around, and this time he threw the ball in anger over his head and into the stands. Lofton remains aggressive, confident, aloof, but he knows a little better now how the world works and how it can be used to his advantage.

"I know this," he says. "If you don't say you're the best, nobody else will. Not long ago a reporter asked me who I thought the five best wide receivers in the NFL were. His magazine was picking the best player at each position. So I said first was me, second was J.J., third was Wes Chandler, fourth was Jerry Butler and fifth was Tony Hill. And when the magazine came out, I was rated the top wide receiver, just as I said." Well, fine. We can live with gestures like that. **END**

THE NEW GENERATION FROM ZENITH

Amazing what space age technology plus Yankee ingenuity can do. But only Zenith did it—invented a television that's also a telephone.

Now, with Zenith's exclusive Advanced Space Phone™, when Grandma calls she gets to talk to the whole family right through your System 3 TV.

Like most great ideas, it's really quite simple.

Sit back in your easy chair. Press the Space Phone button on the Space Command Remote Control and you can

make or take phone calls most anywhere in the world.

When you dial, the number prints out on the screen.

When someone answers, you hear their voice from a speaker in the television.

When the line is busy, Space Phone is programmed to dial again.

And this year, when you're in a hurry, there's also two-digit speed dialing for numbers you call a lot.

But Space Phone is only part of the technology developed for many of the new generation 19" and 25" (diagonal) System 3 televisions. You get the sharpest picture Zenith ever created. 25% sharper than ordinary television. Thanks to the PRP circuitry, Zenith's Tri-Focus picture tube

and our patented EFL™ focusing gun.

And you get the Triple-Plus Chassis—our most reliable 100% modular chassis with snap-in modules.

Advanced Space Phone... part of the new generation from Zenith. Component TV, VCRs and Cameras, Video Disc Players, Projection TV—even Zenith desk-top computers for business and professional applications.

ZENITH
SYSTEM 3

THE QUALITY GOES IN
BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON.



**NOW THE FAMILY THAT
WATCHES TV TOGETHER CAN
TALK ON THE PHONE TOGETHER.**

Model shown: The Arante II, model ST2579K, (unique contoured cabinet with 4-speaker Stereo Amplification Sound System, Simulated Classic Walnut) with contrasting brushed aluminum trim. Simulated TV picture.



Brothers Max and Luis each booted a field goal in Arizona's upset of Arizona State.

by Jack McCallum

the thunder at South Bend on Oct. 16 when his 48-yard field goal with no time showing beat the Irish 16-13.

• Martin, an 18-year-old senior at Don Antonio Lugo High School in China, already shows the promise of his brother Tony. He kicked a 49-yard field goal and had six other three-pointers in nine attempts this year.

• Alan, a 15-year-old freshman, isn't close to beating out his cousin for the varsity placekicking job at Lugo, but he did boot two field goals and six extra points for the freshman team.

Except for the Zendejases, the four Seibel brothers from Vermillion, S.D., representing Nebraska, South Dakota, Augustana and Vermillion High, would have a toehold on first-family honors. They are all conventional kickers, while

Joaquin Zendejas' dream was to get at least one professional soccer player from among his many sons and nephews. Now he may have to settle for a professional football player. Or two. Or six. Because the Zendejases of Chino, Calif. have become America's first family of placekicking. Through last Saturday's games they have kicked 143 extra points and 76 field goals this season—371 points for one family. Teams ranging from Notre Dame to Pomona High have fallen at their feet. Last Saturday they even got their kicks against each other when Max Z. of Arizona booted a field goal and three extra points, and his brother Luis Z. of Arizona State kicked a field goal and one extra point as the Wildcats upset the Sun Devils 28-18, eliminating them from a Rose Bowl berth.

Presenting, from oldest to youngest, The Kicking Zendejases:

• Joaquin Jr., 22, son of Joaquin and Raquel, kicked a 55-yard field goal in his first-ever attempt for the University of La Verne, a Division III school 30 miles east of Los Angeles. Until this, his senior year, when he suffered a variety of injuries, Joaquin made good on 22 of 35 attempts. He finished 29 for 52 overall.

• Tony, 22, son of Genaro, Joaquin's

They're zimply zenzational

Six—count 'em, six—Zendejases are winning games with fancy footwork

brother, and Ninfa Zendejas, a senior with junior eligibility at Division I-AA Nevada-Reno, has an amazing career field-goal average of .825 (47 of 57). By comparison, the best career average in Division I-A history is .819 (59 of 72) by Chuck Nelson, the Washington senior. Tony holds 15 Division I-AA records and six more are within his reach. He has had at least one field goal in each of the 22 games he has played and is surely one of the few kickers in the country with more field goals than extra points. He kicked five field goals in the final 15½ minutes in a 24-12 victory over Northern Arizona on Oct. 9.

• Luis, 21, Joaquin's brother, an Arizona State sophomore, was successful on the first nine field goals he tried last season as a freshman and went on to virtually rewrite the ASU record book in placekicking. He has missed only twice in 25 attempts from inside 40 yards and has made three of five from 50 or farther, including a 55-yarder.

• Max, 19, a freshman at Arizona, stilled

the Zendejases, as befits their background, are soccer-style kickers. The Zendejases started as soccer players and then gravitated to placekicking. Martin and Alan, in fact, are still playing soccer at Don Lugo. And Joaquin Sr. coaches Chino United, a weekend team. For the other Zendejases, soccer is a thing of the past.

"I miss it when I see somebody playing, and I'll still take my shoes with me to the park near our house and play a little pickup," says Tony. "But now, if my uncle would see me, he'd kill me." The promise of a pro football career has changed the mind of more than one soccer idealist.

Joaquin Sr., a disabled construction worker and former first-division amateur in Mexico, knew almost nothing of pro football when he and his wife moved the family to Chino from Mexico City in 1959. Genaro, a restaurateur, had preceded him, and it was his son Tony who was actually the first Zendejas kid to boot the prolate spheroid. Tony started his

continued

*Shop around Sears right now
for outstanding holiday values.
Bring in this eight-page Gift
Guide and find the special gifts
that mean so much.*

All savings shown are minimum savings nationally.
Prices and dates apply only to the continental United
States. Available in most Sears retail stores.

Wrap up a Beautiful Christmas at Sears



A. Harmony automatic blanket.
A lightweight blend of 75% Dacron® polyester and 25% Orlon® acrylic. With lighted, easy-to-read control. Full five-year warranty.* Choice of assorted colors. Twin size. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 11.

Save \$20 now \$29**

Other sizes at comparable savings.

*For 5 years Sears will, upon request, repair or replace the blanket if it is found to be defective in workmanship.

B. 8-pc. cookware set.
Save 50%. Extra-sturdy cast aluminum. Stick-resistant SilverStone® interiors; oak handles. #50261. On sale Dec. 5-Dec. 18.

Save \$70.97 now \$69**

C. CounterCraft™ cooker fryer.
Deep-fries many foods. Thermosatically controlled. Perforated basket. Large capacity. #69468. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 11.

Save \$7 now \$17**

D. Instant hot water dispenser.
The faucet that cooks as it pours. Ideal for instant coffee, soups and more. Easy to install by yourself. #6056. On sale Nov. 14-Dec. 24.

Save \$10 now \$49**

E. CounterCraft coffeemaker.
Fresh-brews 2 to 12 cups. Set the 24-hour digital clock-timer so the coffee will be ready when wanted. #67952. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 18.

Save \$13 now \$36**

F. 4-pc. canister set.
Colorful strawberry design on imported Ceramicware. #8248. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 11.

Save 30% now \$19**

G. Stainless steel tableware.
Choose this 50-pc. service for 8 in our Biscayne or Wayfarer pattern. 13% chromium for long lasting beauty. #7242-3. Nov. 28-Dec. 11.

Save 50% now \$19**

*Savings based on regular separate prices in 1982 Christmas Catalog.

**Savings based on regular separate prices in 1982 Spring Catalog.





A. Sears Video Arcade™
Compatible with all Atari® and Sears Video Arcade cartridges. Target Fun™ cartridge included.
Save \$25 now \$124⁹⁹

B. Sears Super Video Arcade™
Compatible with Mattel Intellivision® and Sears Super Video Arcade cartridges. Poker-Blackjack cartridge included.
Save \$60 now \$199⁹⁹

Wrap up a Beautiful



C. Intellivoice™ Voice Module
Add exciting sound dimension to Sears Video Arcade or Intellivision.
Save \$10 now \$69⁹⁹

D. Odyssey™
Complete alphabet/number keyboard. Voice Module extra.
Save \$20 now \$129⁹⁹

E. Odyssey Voice Module™
Half-price cartridge offer on Type 'N' Tell only \$14.99 with purchase of this Voice Module at regular price.
\$79⁹⁹

F. Save \$5 on video cartridges
Atari compatible:
Donkey Kong™ now \$29⁹⁹
Defender™ now \$27⁹⁹

Raiders of the Lost Ark™ now \$27⁹⁹

Mattel compatible:
Demon Attack™ now \$22⁹⁹
Lock 'N Chase™ now \$29⁹⁹

Odyssey:
Pick Axe Pete now \$24⁹⁹

KC's Crazy Chase now \$24⁹⁹

Intellivoice:
Space Spartans™ now \$34⁹⁹

G. 24 Stacker
Modular organizer with dust cover for your Sears, Atari, Mattel or Odyssey® cartridges.
Save \$5 now \$14⁹⁹

H. Storage center
Store 27 cartridges, controllers, and instruction booklets with console on top. Includes dust cover. Holds Atari, Intellivision and Sears Telegames® systems.
Save \$5 now \$24⁹⁹

All sale priced items on this page on sale Nov. 28-Dec. 18

You can count on

Sears
© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1987



J. 14-Day remote control VCR
 With variable speed BetaScan and full function wireless remote control. You'll get a clear picture in fast, still and slow motion; 117 channel capability and 4 heads for noise-free special effects. Model #5344. On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 24. Save \$100 now \$899⁹⁵



Christmas at Sears

K. 19-inch color TV
 10-key quartz precision tuning with Channel Touch channel selection and Automatic One-Button color. 19-in. diagonal measure picture. #4220. On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 24. Save \$100 now \$399⁹⁵

L. AM/FM portable stereo with cassette and 2-way speakers
 Features two woofers, two tweeters, LED FM stereo indicator. Model #2194. On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 24. Save \$30 now \$99⁹⁵

M.N. Stereo systems with digital frequency readout
 Choose M: stereo cassette player/recorder and 8-track player (#91947). Or N: two cassette players, one that records (#91855). On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 24. Save \$120 now \$179⁹⁵ ea.

P. AM/FM stereo radio with Ultra Light headphones
 #2205. On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 31. Save \$15 now \$24⁹⁵

R. Stereo cassette player with Ultra Light headphones
 #21131. On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 31. Save \$20 now \$39⁹⁵

S. FM/cassette stereo radio with Ultra Light headphones
 #2116. On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 31. Save \$30 now \$59⁹⁵

Sears VCR's are designed to expand opportunities for your personal in-home TV viewing and not for any usage which might violate copyright laws.



Each of these advertised items is readily available for sale as advertised.

A. Dynasty 10-speed racers

Sturdy steel frame with blue enamel finish. Positron Derailleur lets you shift gears while stopped. On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 11.

Save \$30 now **\$119⁹⁹**

B. 20-inch FS200 BMX bike

Shiny, chrome-plated frame. Dual braking system—coaster and rear side pull caliper brakes. On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 11.

Save \$20 now **\$99⁹⁹**

Bicycles and Wheel Cycle sold unassembled



Wrap up a Beautiful

C. Mix and match and save 25% Perma-Prest® solids. Wide assortment of sizes. Dec. 5-Dec. 11.

Pinstripe coat

Save \$17.50 now **\$52⁹⁹**

Pinstripe vest

Save \$6 now **\$18**

Pinstripe slack

Save \$7 now **\$20**

Solid blazer

Save \$16.50 now **\$48⁹⁹**

Reversible vest

Save \$6 now **\$18**

Solid slack

Save \$6.50 now **\$19⁹⁹**

D. Save 40% on Sears premium men's dress shoes

Leather uppers with leather soles in slip-on and Oxford styles in black or brown. On sale Dec. 5-Dec. 11.

Save \$20 now **\$29⁹⁹**

E. Save 33% on Sears premium dress shirts

Ten fashion solids, many stripes and tone-on-tones. Dec. 5-Dec. 11.

Save \$5.01 to \$5.31

now **\$9⁹⁹ to \$10⁹⁹**

F. Corduroy Toughskins save 25%

Our best selling corduroy Toughskins jeans in a wide assortment of colors. On sale Dec. 5-Dec. 11.

Children's sizes 3 to 6X now **\$7⁹⁹**

Girl's sizes 7-14 now **\$10⁹⁹ to \$11⁹⁹**

Boy's size 8-12 now **\$9⁹⁹**

Boy's size 14-24, now **\$10⁹⁹**



You can count on

Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1992



G. 20-inch wheel cycle
Adjustable tension control regulates pedal load. Welded steel frame. Console with speedometer/odometer and timer. On sale Nov. 21-Dec. 11.
Save \$30 now ^{\$199}

H. Scholar typewriter
Our most popular typewriter with key board correction. Features power carriage return, repeat keys, backspace and segment shift. On sale now thru Dec. 18.
Save \$50 now ^{\$199}

Christmas at Sears



J. All 14K gold chains save 50%
A dazzling selection of lengths and designs. On sale now thru Dec. 18.
Save \$12.51 to \$301.01
now ^{\$12.51} to ^{\$299}

All charms, earrings save 40%
A large assortment of charms, stud earrings and hoops. On sale now thru Dec. 11.

Save \$7.61 to \$40.01
now ^{\$11.79} to ^{\$59}

K. Wilson sweat separates
Sweatshirts, sweatpants and shorts. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 11.

Save 20%
now ^{\$7} to ^{\$15}

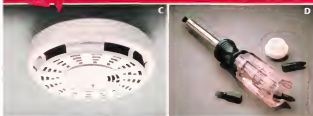
L. Save 25% on misses pile robes
A wide assortment of styles and colors. On sale now thru Dec. 11.
Save \$7 now ^{\$18}





- A. Craftsman® circular saw**
It's Sears Best 7 1/2-in. saw. Deep-cutting and rugged. Powerful 2 1/2-HP motor. Comes with sturdy case. #10967. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 18. Save \$46.99* now **\$59****
- B. Three 7 1/2-in. saw blades**
#32348. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 18. Save \$3.58* now **\$11****

Wrap up a Beautiful



- C. Ionization smoke alarm**
Can detect minute particles of combustion. Has test push-button. Includes 9-volt battery. #57351. Regular price **\$10****
- D. Magnetic-tip screwdriver**
Has stainless steel shank. Comes with 4 steel bits stored in handle. #41487. On sale Dec. 5-Dec. 11. Save \$2** now **\$4****



- E. Craftsman 1/2-sheet sander**
Dual action. Changes from orbital to straight-line motion. 1/4-HP motor. #1169. Nov. 28-Dec. 11. Save \$20 now **\$29****
- F. Craftsman 1/4-HP sabre saw**
Variable speed for straight line or curved cuts. Trigger speed control. Includes circle cutting/straight-edge guide accessory. #1070. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 11. Save \$20 now **\$29****

- G. Pack of 14 sabre saw blades**
Includes blades for rough/finish cuts; ferrous/non-ferrous metal; knife, angle and all-purpose cuts. #28576. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 18. Save \$3 now **\$6****



- H. Kenmore 1/2-HP disposer**
Grinding chamber is stainless steel, resists corrosion. Quick-mount collar helps make installation easy. #6653. On sale Nov. 14-Dec. 24. Save \$10 now **\$69****

- I. Hand-held airless sprayer**
Sears Best Sprays up to 10 1/2-oz. per minute. Includes case; accessories for most household painting chores. #15529. Dec. 5-Dec. 24. Save \$90.95* now **\$99****

You can count on

Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1993

K. Craftsman® 42-pc. tool set
Here's a super value for the home handyman. A wide variety of tools for a wide variety of household and automotive repair jobs. For use on appliances, tune-ups and many other fix-it-yourself projects. #33111. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 10. Save \$57.39* now \$39**



Christmas at Sears

L. Craftsman 16-in. gas chain saw with carrying case

Features 2.3 cu. in. engine, Power-Sharp® system for quick self-sharpening, anti-vibration system for less fatigue while cutting, and solid state ignition. Lo-kick guide bar helps reduce incidence of kick-back. #35734. Nov. 21-Dec. 24. Save \$50 now \$199**



M. Craftsman electric chain saw
Instant start 1½-HP motor. 8-in. guide bar. Double insulated. #3441. On sale Nov. 14-Dec. 24. Save \$10 now \$29**

N. Craftsman timing light

For automotive tune-ups and trouble-shooting tests of timing, centrifugal and vacuum advance. Our best and brightest; featuring 6-ft. detachable leads and metal clamp-on inductive pick-up. #2134. Save \$15 now \$29**

P. Craftsman engine analyzer

Performs 30 tests. Factory preset. Can be used for all 12-v. ignitions and 4, 6, 8 cyl. gas engines. #21040. Save \$25 now \$74**

R. 6-Amp battery charger

For 6 or 12-volt batteries. Features 7.5-amp initial surge. #71831. Save \$10 now \$24**

N-P-R on sale Nov. 28-Dec. 24

S. Floor jack

For the do-it-yourself mechanic. Has 1½-ton capacity. #1248. Nov. 28, while quantities last.

Special purchase only \$34**

*Savings based on regular upstate retail prices
**Savings based on regular separate prices in 1982-83 Power and Hand Tool Catalog

Special Purchase

A special purchase, though not reduced, is an exceptional value.



A. Kenmore built-in dishwasher
Features 3-level wash action, pots and pans cycle. Power Miser control and Water Miser cycle to help save energy. Model #7023. On sale Nov. 14-Dec. 24.

Save \$100 now \$299⁹⁵

Portable model also on sale at similar savings.



Wrap up a Beautiful Christmas at Sears

B. Kenmore microwave oven

A great price for a microwave with variable power and electronic touch controls. Temperature probe lets you cook to a pre-selected temperature, then automatically turns the oven off. 100-min. timer; large 1.4 cu. ft. capacity. Model #99501. On sale Nov. 26-Dec. 24.

Save \$100 now \$329⁹⁵



C. Free-arm sewing machine

Kenmore convertible free-arm with 8 built-in stitches and built-in buttonholer. Plus, Ultra-Stitch for neat, even stretch stitches and buttonholes. Model #13451. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 24.

Save \$50 now \$169⁹⁵

D. Sewing machine cabinet

Stores machine. Plus, over 6 sq. ft. of work space. Model #93081. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 24.

Save \$20 now \$80



E. Power-Mate[®] vacuum

Canister vacuum with beater bar brush and active edge cleaning that lets you clean right up to walls and into corners. 3 carpet height adjustments, 2.0 peak horsepower (.70 VCM/A). Model #22831. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 24.

Save \$30 now \$169⁹⁵

F. High-performance upright vac

Beater bar brush helps remove deep-down dirt. Dual edge cleaning, for cleaning next to walls. Two speeds. Model #32701. On sale Nov. 28-Dec. 24.

Save \$20 now \$89⁹⁵

All savings shown are minimum savings nationally. Prices and dates apply only to the continental United States. Available at most Sears retail stores.

Each of these advertised items is readily available for sale as advertised.

football career as a junior high school defensive back but soon took on the place-kicking duties as well. Luis and Max followed in Tony's footsteps and started kicking when they were at Don Lugo. Joaquin was more interested in soccer in high school and didn't get serious until the summer before he entered college.

All the Zs say the transition from soccer to football was simple.

Tony: "I just watched somebody kicking one day and said to the holder, 'Could you hold one for me?' And—boom!—I kicked it and it was good. The ball is lighter, and you're concentrating on one certain spot, unlike with a soccer ball, which is moving when it comes toward you."

Max: "The only difficulty I saw in adjusting was that when you want to get a soccer ball to go higher you lean back, and when you want to get a football higher you lean forward."

Tony and Joaquin were the best soccer players among the Zs, and Joaquin, in particular, is a natural. After he hurt his right leg before a preseason scrimmage against the College of the Pacific, he kicked off with his left. "You use both in soccer," he explains. Luis, befitting his veteran status, is more the technician. He instructed Joaquin on some of the finer points last summer when they worked out together at Arizona State.

Not all the points, though. "Actually, Joaquin showed me how to hit the ball, how to get into it," says Luis. "That has a lot more to do with power and soccer. I worked with him on his steps and where to hit the ball." And Luis has always been a kicking guru to Max. "Max always used to think about how far the field goal was when he went out there to kick it," says Luis. "I told him he should wipe that out of his mind. Just look at the goalpost. They're not gonna move it."

Luis' instruction must have paid off when Max went out to attempt the game-winner against Notre Dame. "I remember a lot of screaming and yelling and noise before I kicked," says Max. "Then I remember going over the things I wanted to concentrate on, saying them over and over. Suddenly, right before the snap, everything went blank around me. I didn't hear any noise or anything to disturb me."

Next summer the Zs plan to concentrate on mass—in workouts at Chino Hills—which goes to show that a family has kicks together, sticks together.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

When Arizona State, which had to beat Arizona to earn its first Rose Bowl berth, fell behind 26-0 in the third quarter, things looked bleak. They remained that way. The Sun Devils lost 28-18, which put UCLA in the Rose, Arizona State in the Fiesta and Washington in the Aloha. Tom Tunnicliffe of the *Wildcats* gave the Devils their first indication that they wouldn't be in Pasadena on New Year's Day when he started off the scoring by combining with Tailback Brian Holland on a 92-yard scoring pass play in the second period.

Penn State took advantage of the wind to beat Pitt 19-10, and Georgia got its second wind after the intermission as it defeated Georgia Tech 38-18, finishing as the only major team with a perfect record. Coming up, a national championship showdown between the Bulldogs and Penn State in the Sugar Bowl. Winds of up to 35 mph hampered the Panthers in the third period, during which they gained only 13 yards on 15 plays and got off punts of 21 and 32 yards. After the second of those kicks the Nittany Lions went ahead 10-7 when Flanker Kenny Jackson scored on a 31-yard pass from Todd Blackledge. Practice against strong breezes earlier in the week helped Penn State's "G Men" conquer the wind. Ralph Giacommaro kicked a vital 31-yard punt in the final period, and Nick Gancitano booted four field goals.

Georgia Tech trailed Georgia by only 7-6 at the half and wound up ahead in total offense (422 yards to 372) and first downs (26 to 12), but the Dawgs forced six turnovers. Herschel Walker rushed for 162 yards and two touchdowns. Robert Lavette gained 203 yards on the ground and scored twice for the losers.

Auburn also won despite being on the short end of the statistics against Alabama in Birmingham. Bo Jackson's one-yard drive into the end zone with 2:26 to go gave the Tigers a 23-22 victory. It was the third straight regular-season loss for the Crimson Tide, the first time it stumbled so badly in a quarter century. "Bama lost even though it led 507 yards to 257 in total offense."

Notre Dame also had an edge in the stats, including a 392-297 margin in total offense, but lost 17-13 at Southern Cal. John Robinson of the Trojans, who had announced on Nov. 23 that he was retiring from coaching, asked his players to "Win one for the fat guy." They did just that, going 51 yards in 62 seconds and scoring on Michael Harper's one-yard leap with 48 seconds left.

Seven-time loser Tulane pulled off a 31-28 shocker at Louisiana State, where both teams got TDs in every period. The Green Wave, which had already marched 72, 76 and 80

yards for touchdowns, wrapped up a decisive 73-yard drive with Fullback Reggie Reginelli's touchdown on a 31-yard pass from Mike McKay with 5:15 remaining. That was McKay's third TD pass of the day.

Texas, exploiting its own Darwinian theory, drubbed Texas A&M 53-16. A study of game films had tipped off Longhorn coaches that Aggie Center Matt Darwin took a flat-footed stance on pass plays, and that he was up on the bells of his feet for runs. Texas also burned A&M's defense by scoring on its first play from scrimmage. That came when Tailback Darryl Clark took a pitchout and passed to Flanker Herkie Walls, who caught the ball at midfield and went on to complete an 87-yard play.

Another big day by Quarterback Todd Dillon earned Long Beach State to a 44-17 triumph over Utah State. Dillon lugged the ball 11 times for 66 yards and three touchdowns, hit on 26 of 49 passes for 246 yards, another TD and a two-point conversion. All of which made him the Division I-A leader in total offense for the season with 3,587 yards.

Clemson won the ACC title by beating Wake Forest 21-17 in the Mirage Bowl before

SI TOP 20

1. GEORGIA (11-0)	1*
2. PENN STATE (10-1)	3
3. SMU (10-0-1)	2
4. NEBRASKA (10-1)	4
5. UCLA (9-1-1)	8
6. ARKANSAS (8-1-1)	9
7. PITT (9-2)	5
8. WEST VIRGINIA (9-2)	10
9. WASHINGTON (9-2)	11
10. TEXAS (8-2)	14
11. CLEMSON (9-1-1)	13
12. ARIZONA STATE (9-2)	6
13. OKLAHOMA (8-3)	12
14. LSU (8-2-1)	7
15. MARYLAND (8-3)	15
16. SOUTHERN CAL (8-3)	16
17. FLORIDA STATE (8-2)	17
18. TULSA (10-1)	18
19. BOSTON COLL. (8-2-1)	19
20. NEW MEXICO (10-1)	20

* Last week

a sellout crowd of 80,000 in Tokyo. North Carolina, down 7-6 at the half, overtook Mid-American Conference champion Bowling Green 33-14. Vanderbilt, completing an 8-3 season, its best in 27 years, defeated Tennessee 28-21. Hawaii topped Air Force 45-21 as Tailback Anthony Edgar rushed for 242 yards in 22 carries and three touchdowns. Memphis State ended its 17-game losing streak with a 12-0 win over Arkansas State. **END**

Ricky Ross went to sociology class on the morning of Aug. 25, 1982, which so excited the University of Tulsa that it presented Ross at a press conference and issued a press release. The "news" was supposed to be that Ross, the nation's leading junior-college scorer last season while at College of Marin (Calif.), had enrolled in school. Those who knew Ross thought the news was that he had set foot inside a classroom.

"School's just not for me," Ross reportedly had said at one point in his gambol through the groves of academe. Few players in memory have so openly flouted the concept of the NCAA's pious hyphenate, "student-athlete," or have so convincingly demonstrated that no amount of academic assistance will keep a star athlete eligible if he doesn't at least keep up appearances.

A much-heralded freshman guard at

by John Garrity

Ringing out the old Ricky

Ricky Ross is hitting the shots—and the books—at school No. 5, Tulsa



Ross should be the Hurricane bellwether.

the University of Kansas three years ago, the 6'7" Ross averaged 11.7 points a game. His class-attendance average, unfortunately, drove Coach Ted Owens and his staff to distraction. "They'd take Ricky to class," one KU insider recalls, "but he'd walk right out the back door. He always thought that somebody would bail him out." On the court, Ross waved imploringly for the ball when he wanted it and looked pained when he didn't get it, which contributed to rumors that dissension was rife among the Jayhawks. The knocks against Ross gained wide circulation: that he didn't get along with star Point Guard Darnell Valentine, that he didn't practice hard and that he wouldn't play defense—in short, that he was a "bad actor."

"We never felt that way at all," Owens insists. "Ricky came into our program and had an adjustment to make—and didn't make that adjustment. But we cared for Ricky a lot—he's a very likable young man—and we tried to do everything we could to help him. He just needed to mature." Instead, just before the start of his sophomore season it was revealed that Ross and two teammates had used an assistant coach's credit card to make personal phone calls. Confused, embarrassed and struggling academically, Ross withdrew from KU.

Next stop: Wichita State. Flunked out.

Next stop: Santa Ana College, a community college near Los Angeles. He visited for a week but never enrolled.

"He's living in some world that

doesn't exist," said Rolland Todd, then the Santa Ana head coach. Ross's admirers believe he was living in a world of hype, press clippings and pro ambitions. Ross was a schoolboy sensation in Wichita, Kans., where prep basketball commands tremendous attention. By leading Wichita South to consecutive state championships, breaking Valentine's career conference scoring record and averaging 32.1 points as a senior, Ross put himself on prep All-America teams alongside Ralph Sampson, Dominique Wilkins, Clark Kellogg and Isiah Thomas. With that buildup, his failures at KU and points west seemed not to change Ross's view that college was just a place to park his sneakers on the way to the NBA.

"Ricky's an intelligent person," says Tulsa Coach Nolan Richardson, "but he's easily led to believe things that may not be. I just don't think he could see the connection between school and basketball. He couldn't accept that he had to work hard at something that didn't interest him to pursue a goal that did."

The Santa Ana fiasco apparently established that connection for Ross. "He was on his last legs," Richardson says. "He knew if he wanted to play basketball he had to go to school. There was no other way out." Ross's opportunity came when he visited his grandmother in Oakland and ran into a childhood playmate who was playing ball for Coach John Johnson at College of Marin. "Coach Johnson was a big influence in turning me around," Ross says. "I needed somebody like that, and fortunately I ran into a great guy." Although Ross found juno ball undemanding, the Marin experience represented a dramatic reversal for him: a 30.5 scoring average, which confirmed his basketball talent, and a 3.0 grade average, which proved he was finally interested in staying eligible.

Next stop: Tulsa.

The last stop, Ross hopes. "I don't like to talk about what happened in the past," he says. "I had difficulty at KU—it happened—but it's not really an interesting subject to me. The important thing is I'm doing a really fine job right now. I'm go-

continued

Taste Power!



MERIT
continues as
proven taste
alternative to
higher tar
smoking.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Men: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec/81

© Philip Morris Inc. 1982

ing to class, I'm more confident taking tests. I'm motivated now."

Even so, he's being brought along slowly by his first semester with 13 hours of courses that include Recreational Leadership, Fundamentals of Recreation and an introduction to sociology. Ross's progress encourages Academic Advisor Peter Adler, a sociology professor, to believe that business might be a more suitable major than recreation. "It's incredible," Adler says. "We're really making strides." The academic enforcer is Richardson, who played defensive back for the AFL San Diego Chargers and basketball for the ABA Dallas Chaparrals in the mid-'60s and looks rugged enough to do both today.

"I am a disciplinarian," Richardson says. Translation: If a Tulsa player misses class, he can expect to wake up the next morning with a mean and muscular coach hovering over his bunk. "If I have to," Richardson says, "I go get 'em."

So far, the coach hasn't had to go get Ross. In fact, Ross went to Richardson in the first place, requesting that the coach give him a scholarship and a chance. "Ricky has really surprised everybody on campus," says Richardson. "I've had reports run on his attendance—super. I check his grades once a week. I've never met a more personable young man. They said he wouldn't practice hard, and that's not true, either." Most important, Ross has taken pains not to seek favors or act like a bigshot. Richardson continues, "I told him his job here was not to deliver us—we're already delivered. His job here was to go to school. Ricky's taken that as a challenge."

The challenge, some would say, was Richardson's for taking a chance on a player who changes colleges the way most folks change socks, a player who might disrupt the chemistry of a Hurricane team noted for its cohesiveness. "I never saw him play," the coach says. "I heard the rumors: that he never went to class, that he was kind of a lost kid, a no-mad." Richardson weighed that against Ross's claim that he was looking for discipline. "You know, I was an 'unmotivated' youngster once myself. That's the challenge for me. Maybe I can make a difference in Ricky's life."

He's bound to make a difference in Ross's basketball. "I want a complete player, a guy who takes the charge, a guy who can pick-and-roll," Richardson says. On Saturday night, at the Tulsa

Assembly Center, Ross poured in 23 of his game-high 27 points in the second half with an assortment of graceful jumpers and slow-motion layups, leading the Golden Hurricane to a season-opening 70-61 defeat of Northeastern Oklahoma State. "But did you watch how he played defense?" a pleased Richardson said in the locker room. "He was hustling, making steals, getting his hands in the lanes. Defense is guts and pride. Ricky's got the instincts; all he needed was the technique."

"I played full-court press in high school, but this is pressure defense," Ross says, "bein' in your man's face constantly, making him do what you want. You could be a bionic man and that'll take it out of you, but if I'm gonna play I've gotta play defense, play hard all the time."

The loss of All-America Paul Pressey, now with the Milwaukee Bucks, plus four other starters from last year's seventh-ranked Hurricane would seem to assure Ross's leadership almost by default, but he no longer sounds cocky. "There's no way I'm guaranteed the opportunity to play pro ball," he says matter-of-factly. "Once upon a time, that's all I dreamed about, but as the years go by and I see guys get cut—guys who I saw play, guys who were really good—I realize that Ricky Ross might not play in the NBA." The Gandhi of the classroom, the pastor of passive resistance, grins and says, "I see myself finishing my degree." Of course, there's a difference between staying eligible (i.e., keeping up appearances) and graduating (i.e., passing demanding academic courses like abnormal psychology and computer science). But it's a mark of Ross's progress that he's even thinking about a diploma.

"There are a lot of Ricky Rosses around," Richardson concedes. "They're just not talked about a lot." The difference with Ross is that his basketball skills got him another chance once he showed he was ready to play by the rules. "I'm thrilled that Coach Richardson has given me the opportunity," Ross says. "A lot of coaches were reluctant about taking me, and I don't blame them. The best part is being at a major university . . . and being there when people thought you were all washed up." As for his prospects for academic success in this, his fourth, "second chance," Ross says, "You can call it another second chance if you want to; I still think this is my first chance."

THE WEEK

(Nov 22-28)

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

MIDWEST Missouri's Greg Cavenner made just 43% of his foul shots last season, and Dean Smith knew it. So in North Carolina's game with the Tigers in St. Louis wound down, the Tar Heel coach had his players foul the 6' 9½" sophomore. And foul him. And Cavenner kept burying free throws—eight of his last 11, including his final five. The result: a 64-60 loss for the defending national champs, their second defeat, which is as many as they had all last season. With Prince Bridges and Michael Walker sidelined by injuries, Mizrou found another unlikely hero to go with Cavenner. Barry Laurie, a fifth-year senior who has had foul problems, sank two long jumpers in the second half. The second was an 18-footer with 3:19 left that wiped out North Carolina's only lead. "That shot won the game for Missouri," said Smith. Steve Sipanovich had 22 points and eight rebounds to lead the Tigers, and Jon Sundvold, an 87.0% foul shooter who spent the summer counseling Cavenner on his free-throw shooting technique, added 18.

Perhaps the Crash Classic in Chicago ought to be renamed the Crash Classic. After DePaul beat Arizona State 73-72 in the title game, someone dropped the trophy and it broke into pieces—an appropriate conclusion to a tournament that drew poorly in its first year. Even Walter Downing, who won the game with an eight-foot turnaround on a pass from teammate Tyrone Corbin with four seconds left, couldn't ghost; he'd gone scoreless for 33 minutes. "I want to thank Tyrone for having enough confidence to throw me the ball," said Downing.

Larry Micheaux had 26 and 22 points and 16 and 10 rebounds as Houston won its own Kettle Classic with a 104-63 rout of Arizona and a 106-72 defeat of Lamar. Illinois State plodded its way to a 62-54 win over Chicago State, and Arkansas sloughed past Southeast Missouri 74-57 despite missing 20 of 32 free throws. In Oral Roberts' 72-51 upset of Southern Cal, Jeff Acres had 18 points and three assists, most came out of the Titans' "mouse" offense, which calls for a guard to scurry about the top of the key. Washington State called three time-outs in the final 20 seconds against Wisconsin before Guy Williams scored two of his 26 points on a last-second 15-footer for a 66-64 win.

EAST Virginia's schedule runs from the sublime (it includes each of last season's Final Four) to the ridiculous (Division III Johns Hopkins and Chaminade of Hawaii, an NAIA school). (TUVa Athletic Director) Dick Schultz scheduled 27 games

continued

MORE GREAT NEWS AT FORD AND LINCOLN-MERCURY DEALERS.

10.75%

ANNUAL
PERCENTAGE
RATE

THE LOWEST FACTORY-SPONSORED CAR FINANCING RATE IN AMERICA.

GREAT SAVINGS ON ALL 1982 CLEARANCE-PRICED FORD, MERCURY AND LINCOLN CARS.

GOOD NEWS ON FINANCING RATES.

*Now when you buy any new 1982 Ford, Mercury or Lincoln, your participating dealer can arrange 10.75% financing for qualified retail buyers through participating financial institutions.

This offer is good on all clearance priced 1982 cars. From Escort

America's best selling car* to the luxurious Mark VI. From the sporty LTD to the sleek Mustang GT. And this low annual percentage rate is available when you finance from 24 to 48 months. Offer expires December 31, 1982. Limit one per customer.

YOUR CHOICE: CAR CARE OR 10.75% A.P.R.

If you select a new 1982 Escort, LTD, LTD LX or LTD, you can choose two years' no cost Car Care Coverage that covers virtually everything for two years or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first. This limited warranty excludes

accidents, abuse, fires and floods. Car Care Coverage is not available in conjunction with 10.75% financing. You must take delivery by December 31, 1982. Limit one per customer.

*Based on Manufacturer's suggested retail volume (excluding commercial vehicles) 1982.

YOU CAN SAVE HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS

At this RATE:

20%	\$1,807.20
18%	1,402.08
16%	1,004.64

You can SAVE:



FORD · MERCURY · LINCOLN

SI TOP 20

1. VIRGINIA (2-0)	1*
2. UCLA (1-0)	2
3. VILLANOVA (0-0)	3
4. LOUISVILLE (3-0)	4
5. MEMPHIS STATE (2-0)	6
6. GEORGETOWN (2-0)	7
7. ALABAMA (0-0)	8
8. KENTUCKY (1-0)	9
9. INDIANA (1-0)	11
10. TENNESSEE (1-0)	12
11. IOWA (1-0)	13
12. MISSOURI (1-0)	15
13. OKLAHOMA (0-1)	10
14. N.C. STATE (0-0)	16
15. WEST VIRGINIA (1-0)	17
16. OREGON STATE (0-1)	14
17. ILLINOIS STATE (1-0)	18
18. CSU-FULLERTON (1-0)	19
19. JAMES MADISON (1-0)	20
20. ST. JOHN'S (3-0)	—

* Preseason ranking

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

and I scheduled two," explained Coach Terry Holland before opening against Hopkins in the first round of the Cavalier Invitational. In a 124-60 rout of the Blue Jays, Virginia set school records for points and shooting percentage (68.0%) and equaled its largest margin of victory ever. Ralph Sampson, playing against a team with no one taller than 6' 6", scored 25 points, grabbed nine rebounds and blocked five shots in the 20 minutes he played. Things were more difficult as the Cavs' 69-63 championship game defeat of Virginia Commonwealth. VCU clod to five midway through the second half before Virginia went to Sampson, the tournament MVP, for a couple of dunks off low passes. Othell Wilson had 17 points for UVA, which won its own tournament for the sixth straight time.

St. John's won its Joe Lapchack Tournament, the eighth, as it had the previous seven. "They just invite three teams they know they can beat and call it a classic," said Les Wothke, Army's new coach, before the Cadets became 81-38 first-round fodder for the Redmen. Ohio University, a 97-54 victor over St. Mary's of California in the other bracket, fell 62-52 to St. John's in the final. MVP Chris Mullin of the Redmen scored 17 points in each game and sank his first eight shots against Army. Stewart Granger's 16 points led Villanova past Colgate 83-63, and James Madison subdued VMI 58-33.

Syracuse's clockwork Orange beat Fordham 66-44 with a triangle defense offense. Coach Jim Boheim's decision to sit on a 10-point lead with eight minutes left didn't sit well with the Carrier Dome crowd. "With the

lead and the ball and them in a zone," Boheim reasoned, "I'm not going to attack them." West Virginia got its 33rd straight win at home with a 103-60 breeze past St. Leo's of Florida. Senior Guard Greg Jones was tops with 22 points as 13 Mountaineers scored. For their game at a neutral site in Baltimore, Maryland and Penn State compromised on a 35-second clock, the Atlantic Coast Conference having newly adopted a 30-second clock and the Atlantic 10 a 40-second timepiece. Then the Lions milked an ACC rule, the 19-foot three-pointer, nine times—out of 14 attempts—in a 97-79 pounding of the Terps.

MIDEAST Poor Wyoming in its back-to-back cracks at the Mid-South Classic—a tournament designed not to choose a champ, but to let the Metro Conference strut its stuff against interconference foes—the Cowboys couldn't even break 45. At times, in fact, it seemed that the Western Athletic Conference visitors were trying another sport. In a 52-38 loss to Tulane, Wyoming fouls resulted in 27 free throws for the Green Wave. In Memphis State's 71-45 win, the Tigers took 44 foul shots. "They just play a different kind of basketball in the WAC," said Memphis State Coach Dana Kirk, whose Tigers also beat West Texas State 89-74. "Several times they had our players in a turtle hold." Say what? "You know, a turtle hold. They grab you and don't let go until it thunders." Memphis State Forward Keith Lee's 44 points and 33 rebounds earned him the MVP award.

Kentucky was leading Butler 18-10 midway through the first half of what would be a 90-53 victory when Jim Master came in for his roommate Dicky Ibeal. Master proceeded to score 15 points as the Wildcats tore to a 45-21 lead. He sank six jumpers—each from farther out than the previous one—in the 'Cat surge. Indiana routed Ball State 91-75 as senior Randy Wittman scored a career-high 28 points, most on outside jumpers, and used his 6' 6", 210-pound frame to help limit the Cardinals' 5' 9", 160-pound star, Ray McCallum, to 13 points. Tennessee's Dale Ellis shot 12 for 14 and scored 27 points as the Vols defeated Indiana 84-59.

Notre Dame, prepping for its "Triple Crown Week" against Kentucky, UCLA and Indiana, dispatched Stonehill 74-60 and St. Francis (Pa.) 74-49. Freshman Center Ken Barlow (11 for 11 in the two games) didn't miss a shot. Stonehill Coach Tom Follard missed a lot because of Notre Dame's John Paxson, who had 15 points and four assists. "Paxson would make a pretty play," Follard said, "and I'd look at my assistant and say, 'That's a great play,' when I should've been looking at something else." Auburn edged Alabama-Birmingham 65-61, and Tennessee-Chattanooga downed Austin Peay 72-69, then won its own Tennessee Classic by thumping Tennessee State 68-51.

WEST Georgetown seemed to be in the dark about how to beat BYU-Hawaii—and not just because Hurricane Iwa had knocked out electricity in the coastal community of Laie. With light powered by auxiliary generators, the Hoyas struggled to a 27-25 halftime lead before pulling away to win 72-51. The next night, they downed Hawaii-Hilo 67-37. All power sources were back to normal except Center Patrick Ewing, who had only nine points in the victories over the two NAIA schools. However, freshman Forward David Wrigate contributed 32. Hawaii won its Hawaiian Tip-off Tournament in Honolulu with a 98-64 defeat of UH-Hilo and a 68-66 win over LSU. Tiger Forward Leonard Mitchell had 36 points and 25 rebounds in the tourney. Last April he had been told he'd never play again after he severed the ulnar nerve in his right elbow during a fall on a trophy while wrestling at home with his brother.

Two ranked teams suffered upsets in the Mountain States. Oregon State shot a frigid 35.5% in its 68-62 overtime loss at Utah as sophomore Forward George Fargin of the Utes scored a career-high 23 points. Oklahoma was never in the lead as UNLV won 65-54 behind Larry Anderson's 18 points.

Is it punishment to be in balmy Florida while your teammates are in Alaska? Florida Coach Norm Sloan thinks so. He left four players, all involved in the misuse of athletic-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Houston's Larry Micheaux, a 6'9" senior, was named MVP as the Cougars won their own Kettle Classic. He scored 48 points and grabbed 26 rebounds in 104-63 and 106-72 wins over Arizona and Lamar.

department telephones, back in Gainesville, and without them the Gators were an 80-63 victim in Louisville's sweep to the Great Alaska Shootout title. The Cards, who got 44 points in the three games from MVP Lancaster Gordon, also beat Washington 58-47 and upstart Vanderbilt 80-70. The Commodores had beaten Illinois 58-47 and Clemson 72-63 to get to the final.

Cal State-Fullerton harassed Northern Arizona into 37.3% shooting and 28 turnovers en route to a 97-55 rout. Guard Leon Wood sank his first six shots, scored 17 points and dealt 12 assists. BYU lost twice at home, thanks to a pair of opposing guards. UCLA's Rod Foster scored 28 points (on 12-for-16 shooting) in the Bruins' 85-82 overtime win; Iowa's Steve Carlino had all 24 of his from the field (12 for 17) in the Hawkeyes' 91-80 victory a night later. Host Fresno State won the Sun Met Classic, defeating Idaho 38-34. Pepperdine routed Southern California College 103-77, and San Diego State beat San Francisco State 75-58.

We warm
the holidays.



Christian Brothers® Brandy

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, California, U.S.A. Brandy: 80 Proof.

© 1992 SEAGRAM BULLDOG CO., N.Y.C. CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES.
6 YEARS OLD. 40% PROOF. GIFT-PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST.



Give your friends something they
never expected. A whisky that's exceptionally
smooth. Surprisingly light. Seagram's V.O.
Always be moderate when you drink.
But indulge when you give. Because it isn't
just the thought that counts.
To send a gift of Seagram's V.O.,
call this toll-free number: 800-528-6148.

Break away from the ordinary. Give an extraordinary gift.

by Curry Kirkpatrick

He cleaned up on the dirt

Thanks to John McEnroe, the U.S. rubbed out France to win the Davis Cup

I was late on a rainy Thursday evening in the cozy oaken halls of Chavant, an elegant dining establishment in a suburb of Grenoble overlooking the Isère River, and the French Tennis Federation was entertaining the visiting U.S. Davis Cup team and its camp followers. The date being Thanksgiving and the country the food-and-drink headquarters of the Western world, one looked for an augury in the meal, which included turkey and, allegedly, all the trimmings. Alas, the French don't know from turkey. The meat was dry and tough, the thimbleful of stuffing was tasteless paste, and the gravy and cranberries were nonexistent. But for the first course, an exquisite poached salmon-with-vegetables dish that could have been concocted only in heaven, Thanksgiving dinner in Grenoble was a washout.

And so, as it turned out for the French, was the tennis. They had hauled in 150 tons of dirt to create a slow clay court indoors—the better to hobble the mighty John McEnroe, who doesn't play his best on the soft stuff. The 14,000-seat Palais des Sports was sold out for all three days of Davis Cup competition—partly for *la patrie*, partly to witness what seemed likely to be historic McEnroe histrionics. The national media even stalked the invaders' hotel—obviously to catch McEnroe when, upon his arrival, exhausted, he went into conniptions about the size (small) of his room. The local municipal fathers got into the ceremonial scheme of things by conducting the draw at city hall, the presiding pooh-bah being none other than Grenoble's deputy mayor, Hubert Dubedout, who isn't called Scooby even by his closest friends.

In celebration of France's making the final round of the Davis Cup for the first time in half a century, the hosts also arranged a tennis-in-art exhibition at a downtown museum, stocked the Palais des Sports concessions with oysters and white wine and stirred up such interest that long before a ball was struck, the arena was resounding with arthorns, maracas and tambourines until it sounded like a concert hall gone punk. The French were doing the Davis Cup right.

But on Friday, after the home team's great black hope, Yannick Noah, gave McEnroe a scare in the first singles, the French went down the tube. Final score: U.S. 4, McEnroe 2½. France 1. Turkey to turkey, dust to dust. The McEnroe-led U.S. squad now has won the Cup four of the last five years.

In truth, the cast was dyed when Noah was paired against McEnroe in the opening match. Noah, ranked No. 9 in the world, acknowledged the pressure he was under. "I have to win both singles for us to have a chance," he said. As wasn't the case in 1932, when France defeated the U.S. 3-2 at the tail end of the reign of the Four Musketeers, the French now are basically a one-man gang. Jean Borotra, the Bounding Basque, had won the deciding match against Wilmer Allison in that

controversial tie only after changing shoes at mysteriously opportune moments and after serving a double fault while down match point. However, no fault was called. "Everyone knows the French hooked us 50 years ago, and I've never forgotten it," said U.S. Captain Arthur Ashe, only half jokingly. "This is revenge."

While Ashe is merely McEnroe's captain, he is Noah's discoverer and benefactor—even though with Noah's recent conversion to a Rastafarian-like 'do, Yannick looks as if he might be a disciple of the late Bob Marley. McEnroe and Noah had played only once, the former winning when they both were in the juniors, but, more than anyone, Ashe knows what Noah can do. Ashe also knows, he said, "what Yannick cannot

continued



McEnroe rose to the occasion by winning a five-setter and playing near-perfect doubles.

do." Namely, Noah is defensive off the backhand volley, and from midcourt he doesn't end points as quickly as he should. "I'm more afraid of Yannick's haircut," said McEnroe.

For those who have been wrapped up in the football strike, McEnroe's recent form has been nothing short of perfect. He has shaken off his Lendlean malaise to win 43 straight sets and four Grand Prix tournaments since the U.S. Open. And when he has USA on his back, Johnny Mac is especially tough.

The first set of the tie was your basic one-hour-and-52-minute, extra-tiring gut-cruncher. McEnroe and Noah each had won 71 points when the latter came up short in Game 22 and McEnroe nailed a forehand down the line for a 12-10 victory. But then, an improbability: McEnroe promptly double-faulted on the first point of the second set and lost all touch with the proceedings. At the same time, Noah, his nerves and his inhibitions gone, his Rasta braids flinging beads of sweat into the stands, became more aggressive. From 2-1 in the second set, Noah won seven straight games, and at one stretch 24 of 29 points. The Palais, Noah's ark now, was in an uproar. Ashe later said that McEnroe simply fell asleep, that his "mind-set" wasn't right for a best-of-five on clay. "You've got to get your merde together for this," said Ashe. With Noah ahead 4-1 in the third set, Ashe and McEnroe discussed chucking the set and using the 10-minute break that was to follow "to clear the air," as Ashe put it.

Instead, McEnroe fought on to a 6-3 loss, but he had started to serve well. When he came back from the intermission, refreshed, he began hitting harder and deeper, especially to Noah's backhand, and Noah could only slice short balls in return. McEnroe then would come in and knock off the volley. Possibly as important, he behaved impeccably, kept his temper under control and never let the crowd into the match. McEnroe broke for 3-1 after Noah telegraphed a drop shot. As McEnroe's first serve picked up—he was to win the first point in each of his last 12 service games, hold all of them (five at love) and finish with 16 aces—Noah's seemed to wither.



Mac said that he feared Noah's 'do more than his game.

At 5-2 in the fourth set Noah missed eight of 10 first deliveries, and McEnroe broke again for 6-2. At 1-0 in the fifth, Noah missed five of six first serves as McEnroe broke once more and then held for 3-0. Ball game.

Or was it? Noah kept coming off the ropes. The last three times McEnroe served, Noah went up 15-30, and at 4-2 he had a break point. But on each occasion McEnroe either unloaded a huge first ball or placed a tough second to set up the point. He finally emerged with a 12-10, 1-6, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3 victory after four hours and 20 minutes. The clay hadn't been as much of a factor as expected, because the light Penn balls speeded up play.

The remainder of the tie seemed more than routine only to the participants. French Captain Jean-Paul Loth went with 19-year-old Henri Leconte against the two-handed artist Gene Mayer in the second singles match. But Leconte not only seems lost on clay but also appears bewildered anytime his ferocious, Brian Oldfield windup hasn't blasted the ball to smithereens. Leconte scattered tape-measure slap shots every which way as he floundered so deep into the soup—the Bounding Bisque?—that Mayer had to resort to his wonderfully disguised drop shot only once in the first two sets. Le-

conte settled down to win the third set—"I never think I am in a mess," he said later—but at 4-all in the fourth he served his 13th and 14th double faults, and Mayer served out the match to win 6-2, 6-2, 7-9, 6-4 and clean up the, uh, mess.

Which left McEnroe and Peter Fleming to clean up the tie on Saturday against a thoroughly discombobulated Noah and Leconte. How terrified were the Americans? Before taking the court Fleming pointed out that against New Zealand, in their last match, the French pair had played "like lepers." In Grenoble, Noah and Leconte got trapped in midcourt so often that they appeared to be taking a half-volley lesson. So brilliant was McEnroe in exploitation that he could have been teamed with Peggy Fleming—who won her gold in this same building in the 1968 Olympics—and the result might have been the same.

Fleming (Peter) said, "John is 95 percent of the reason we reach our high level. He plays so well, now I expect it, and maybe I don't ask enough of myself."

In the 10 games McEnroe served during a 6-3, 6-4, 9-7 U.S. victory, the French pair never reached break point. In those games the U.S. won 40 of 51 points, and McEnroe didn't make one error. It's this corner of McEnroe's arsenal—his ability in doubles—that sets him apart from the Borgs and the Connors and the others of the Open era. Ashe calls McEnroe "the most complete, most talented player I've ever seen."

Friday morning the daily paper in Grenoble, *Le Dauphiné*, ran a picture of McEnroe wiping his face with a towel. Above the picture was the banner headline JOHN LES DOIGTS DANS LE NEZ? (Is John picking his nose?).

But McEnroe turned the other nostril all week in France. After beating Leconte 6-2, 6-3 in his meaningless match on Sunday, again without incident (Mayer unconcernedly went down to Noah 6-1, 6-0), McEnroe was on the verge of breaking two U.S. Davis Cup records. His 26 singles victories are second only to Ashe's 27, and his 36 wins overall are second only to Vic Seixas' 38. Just 23 years old, McEnroe is picking his way toward some very early history.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Pleasure is where you find it.

*Discover
Viceroy
Satisfaction.*



Chrysler announces

10.9%
ANNUAL
PERCENTAGE
RATE
FINANCING*

**on many new 1983 and
1982 front-wheel-drive
cars and all domestic pickups.**

**No help from
Ford or GM on '83s.**

Only Chrysler gives new car buyers 3 ways to save.



10.9% FINANCING

ON MANY NEW '82 AND '83 MODELS.

Financing is available on all new 1983 Dodge 600, Omni and Charger models; Plymouth Horizon and Turismo; Chrysler E-Class sedan and all domestic pickups, including Rampage and Scamp. Eligible 1982 models are Dodge Aries, Dodge 400, Charger 2.2, 024, Omni, Challenger and Colt; Plymouth Reliant, Turismo 2.2, TC3, Horizon, Sapporo and Champ; Chrysler LeBaron and Town & Country; and all domestic Dodge pickups, including Rampage.

\$300- \$1000 REBATES

ON ALL NEW '82 MODELS.

In addition to 10.9% financing, you get \$300 to \$1000 factory cash back on new 1982 cars and trucks, depending on model. Combine these savings with your low clearance price and you could be hundreds of dollars ahead.**

5/50 PROTECTION

5 YEAR/50,000 MILE PROTECTION PLAN.*

Every new American-built car comes with 5 year/50,000 mile protection, whichever comes first. This protection applies to the engine and powertrain components, plus outer body rust-through.



PROTECTION PLAN

*Financing is available through participating lenders for qualified buyers. DEALER CONTRIBUTION MAY AFFECT CUSTOMER PRICE. Not available in Arkansas.

**Purchase savings depend on model, interest rate, amount financed and loan term. †Protection Plan is a limited warranty. A deductible may be required.

SEE DEALERS PARTICIPATING IN THESE PROGRAMS FOR DETAILS.

**Let your Dodge or Chrysler-Plymouth dealer
show you how to save money today.**



The New Chrysler Corporation  Quality engineered to be the best



Buckle up for safety.



Welch (16) was double trouble, adding the TAC to the NCAA title she had won earlier.

by Craig Neff

This will be a trial run for 1984," Race Director Fred Lebow had said before Sunday's National TAC Cross-Country Championships at the Meadowlands racetrack in East Rutherford, N.J., but to 19-year-old Lesley Welch the event seemed a bit like 1984. Instead of running through wood and dell, Welch was loping past a huge electronic tote board and over man-made hills and living room carpet. On the smoggy horizon were smokestacks and the New York City skyline and jets landing at Newark International Airport. Even as Welch brought the 5,000-meter women's race through the halfway mark, leading veteran Jan Merrill by 40 yards, she crossed in front of the grandstand—and saw 1,000 or so spectators sealed off behind glass. This was cross-country?

Absolutely. This was international-style cross-country and a dry run for the March 1984 World Championships, which Lebow and his New York Road

club—had to widen the course at the last minute. "We had to remove shrubbery," said Lebow as soberly as a surgeon. "Two truckloads, after midnight. We had no choice."

For the second time in a week, Welch, a University of Virginia sophomore, was leaving her competitors with no choice but to race for second. "I always go out as hard as I can," she had said in the twang of her native Peabody, Mass., and here her aggressiveness put her more than 100 yards ahead of Merrill after two miles. Welch, a lanky 5' 9", runs with long, loose strides and a goofy, gaping mouth that her teammates laugh at. The ease with which she extended her lead on Sunday seemed itself a joke: While Welch had never placed higher than ninth in the senior nationals, six of the women behind her had won a total of 10 national or collegiate cross-country championships. "I thought they'd be on me any minute," she admitted later.

Six days earlier at the NCAA championships in Bloomington, Ind., though, Welch had been just as dominant, leading from the start and building a 150-yard lead over Washington's Regina Joyce halfway through the 5,000-meter race. There, years of training with her twin sister, Lisa, also a Virginia sophomore, in the soft beach sand near their Peabody home paid off. Of the 141 women slogging over the rain-soaked Indiana University golf course, only Welch had seemed sure of her footing. She had worn spikes that were nearly a half-inch long and had taped her shoes to her feet so that "they wouldn't come off in the mud." Welch had won by nearly 30 seconds over Joyce, finishing in 16:39 and leading her Virginia squad, with 48 points, to its second straight women's team title ahead of Stanford (91) and Oregon (155).

Welch's victory had left her both elated and wistful. "We got the front page in the *Cavalier Daily*," she squealed on Sunday, but added, "I wish my sister could have been there." Lisa, the only one to defeat Lesley in a cross-country race this year, injured her hip a few weeks ago and spent last week in a Char-

continued

It was over hill, over bale

Surprising Lesley Welch and Pat Porter won the TAC championships



Runners Club will host at the Meadowlands. "The world championships are usually held at racetracks, but they've never been held outside Europe or North Africa," said Lebow on Sunday. "Today we have to prove to 60 countries that we can do a good job."

To that end, using 1,000 tons of gray dirt, Lebow's workers had built a series of 15-foot hills just outside the track. "They weren't really hills, they were fun," said Welch. To make sure that no runner went astray, the sharply winding route was cordoned with eight miles of orange ribbon. The course committee did run short of hay bales to use as hurdles, however, and because of an unexpectedly large field—482 men and 183 wom-

Porter didn't run the NAAs, but he made hay while the sun shone in New Jersey.



Hennessy Couture. Excellence in fitted shirts.

Another fashionable achievement from The Van Heusen Company.

JINGLE ALL



MERRY
CHRISTMAS
Doris

BE INGENIOUS.

© AT&T Co., 1983.
Available in some areas.

THE WAYS.



This Christmas, let there be jingling all through the house!

Give someone special one of our very special gifts. A genuine Bell phone that'll say Season's Greetings for seasons to come!

Come to your nearest Bell Phone Center and see all of our Christmas Bells. We've got a unique gift idea for everyone on your list!

**IT'S INGENIOUS.
IT'S GENUINE BELL.**



GIVE GENUINE BELL.

lottesville, Va. hospital after having her appendix removed. "I went to see her on Thanksgiving," said Lesley. "Me and the team have her pretty well psyched."

By the time Welch hopped over the last row of hay bales in New Jersey and crossed the finish line, in 15:52, all her pursuers were still pretty well tangled up behind her in the maze of orange ribbon. Never before had a woman won both TAC and collegiate cross-country championships in the same year. Neither had any women's team—until four other Vir-

Welch placed 75th in this year's Worlds in Rome but qualified for that meet only because Brown, Springs and Mary Decker Tabb turned down their invitations. After Sunday, she sensed that she really belongs among the world's best. "Funny," she said, "I always knew that someday I'd be running up with them, but I never knew when."

A shrill sounding of the call to the post brought the outstanding men's field to the line half an hour later for its 10,000-meter race. Oddly enough, a cluster of

runners had struggled in the cold, drizzly weather and UTEP had placed a distant fifth with 173 points.

"You could see light opening under the door," said Wisconsin Coach Dan McClimon, whose Badgers were the surprise champions with 59 points. Indeed, after a budget cutback and coaching changes, UTEP may have trouble containing its domination of NCAA indoor and outdoor track (17 titles in eight years) next year. No team provided a greater contrast to the foreign-runner-dominated Miners than Wisconsin—six of its seven runners are natives of the Badger state and the other lives just over the border in Illinois. "They all live within 150 miles of campus," says McClimon. "We're each other's best friends and, in most cases, roommates," said Badger sophomore Tim Hacker, who finished fourth and was both the first American across the line and the first of the three Wisconsin runners in the Top 20.

Senior Mark Scrutton of Colorado and Birmingham, England had outspurred UTEP sophomore Zak Barie of Tanzania in the final 500 yards to win the NCAA individual title in 30:13, but he seemed intent on breaking away much earlier in Sunday's race. He passed the mile mark in 4:26, a few strides ahead of little known Pat Porter, 23, who formerly competed for even littler known Adams State College of Alamosa, Colo. However, this was to be a day for surprise winners, and when Scrutton stepped up the pace slightly, Porter accelerated dramatically. Halfway through the race he had 15 seconds on Scrutton. At the tape the margin was about the same, Porter finishing in 28:50, with Scrutton second in 29:07.

"I've always been obscure," said Porter, who had previously won two NAIA titles in cross-country and one in the indoor two-mile. He admitted that his only other claim to fame was having grown up in Evergreen, Colo., the hometown of John Hancock Jr. "Maybe that's how I won. You know, everyone saying, 'That idiot's going to fade.'"

As it turns out, Porter, like Welch, has a twin sister, Patricia. "But there are no other brothers or sisters," said Porter. "My folks said if they come two at a time, they're gonna quit." Nevertheless, in Gateshead next March 26—and perhaps in the Meadowlands in 1984—Welch and Porter may have the rest of the world doing a double take.



Colorado's Scrutton (left) led the NCAA field through the rain and mud of Bloomington.

gina runners crossed the line in 11th, 12th, 13th and 38th places to give the Cavaliers a 75-89 triumph over the Athletics West club of Eugene, Ore. For many minutes afterward, Welch's image was projected on the vast scoreboard TV screen near the finish line. "Today she was just awesome," said Merrill, who was second in 16:10. "She was running smooth, no effort, while the rest of us were back there struggling."

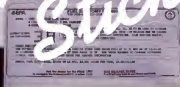
The top six women—Welch, Merrill, Julie Brown, Joan Benoit, Margaret Groos and Betty Springs—will be invited to the 1983 World Championships, to be held March 20 in Gateshead, England.

these superb, seasoned performers didn't even appear at the starting line.

For some reason, the contingent from the University of Texas-El Paso thought the race would be run in two sections, and that theirs was the second. Only when they realized that they'd be in the second section alone did the UTEP runners take off in a panic, and by then it was too late; none of them would finish higher than 20th.

The Miners had been similarly embarrassed at Monday's NCAAs, in which they had been favored to win their seventh team title in eight years. Instead, their seven Tanzanian and Kenyan run-

The Shock Anti-Shock Sticker



Find it only on '83 Colt. \$4995*

When you approach the 1983 Colt Hatchback, you don't have to steel yourself against sticker shock. Because at \$4995, you're looking at one of the most phenomenal car values in America. With the peppy MCA-Jet engine to move you briskly. With sure-footed front-wheel drive. And plenty of room for a family of five. Plus the one-and-only Anti-Shock Sticker, standard on Colt. Colt, imported only for Dodge and Plymouth, is one of the world's most technologically advanced imports, built by Mitsubishi Motors Corp., Master Car Builders of Japan. Backed and serviced by more than 3,600 Dodge and Plymouth Dealers across the country. See your Dodge and Plymouth Dealer today.



*Base Sticker Price excluding the taxes, license, destination charge and optional equipment. If any mileage may vary. Your actual mileage will probably be less. California MPG lower.

53 HWY
EST
MPG

39 EPA **
EST
MPG

Buckle up for safety

HIGH-TECH IMPORTS
SALES • FINANCING • SERVICE • MAINTENANCE • PARTS • ACCESSORIES



The New Chrysler Corporation

MAXELL HGX: THE LO



If you play your video recordings a lot, you need a more durable video tape. Maxell HGX.

With HGX you can play your favorite recording over and over, or keep recording again and again. And still get better color resolution, sharper images and clearer sound than you can with ordinary tape. Even when you use your machine's slowest recording speeds.

To create HGX, Maxell uses finer, sharper Epitaxial oxide particles, more densely packed on the tape's

NG TERM VIDEO TAPE.



surface. And a unique binder system to keep the oxide particles secure.

So remember, if you don't want your recordings to wear out, don't use ordinary video tape. Use Maxell HGX. The one that's made for the long stretch.

maxell.
IT'S WORTH IT.



MICHELOB



Some things speak for themselves

It's time to turn the tables on Beano Cook, the rumpled cynic for ABC Sports who has spoken ex cathedra on college football throughout the fall. It is Cook's opinion that college football needs a postseason playoff to determine the best team in the nation. The two finalists in SI's playoff are ABC, which is finishing its 20th season of NCAA football telecasts, and CBS, which is completing its first. WTBS, Ted Turner's supstation, also has earned college football this year for the first time. But WTBS isn't as polished as ABC or CBS and never had a chance to make our TV Bowl. Comparisons will be made in three categories: game coverage, announcing and pregame and halftime shows.

No director calls shots better than CBS's Bob Fishman. His games have a distinctive appearance, with dozens of ground-level and close-up shots, especially on replays. Also, producer Ric La Civita's graphics and other visuals give CBS's broadcasts a more esthetic look than ABC's. On the other hand, CBS sometimes has missed plays while hurrying back from commercials or replays—a case of first-year jitters, no doubt correctable in time.

ABC's merits? Consistency, understandable diagrams of key plays (whoever is responsible for CBS's chalkboard could take lessons) and effective use of replays. One ABC practice that ought to be outlawed is the interrogation of coaches by sideline reporters. Viewer, coach and interviewer all feel awkward, and nothing of substance is ever learned CBS by a field goal.

As for announcing, no one can compete with ABC's Keith Jackson and Frank Broyles. Once you get used to his Ozark twang, Broyles grows on you. Continually insightful, he can explain the game without resorting to jargon or footballese. A typical Broyles point made during last month's Illinois-Michigan game: Most college teams are strong in passing but relatively weak in defense. The imbalance is attributable to linemen not getting enough contact work in spring practice. Jackson, experienced and well-prepared, imparts just the right blend of knowledge and down-home folksiness.

Basic, dependable Lindsey Nelson is

the class of the CBS speakers bureau. He has acquired a touch of Curt Gowdyitis (messing up players' and coaches' names and the like), but he makes this listener comfortable. Gary Bender also would if he didn't end each word with an exclamation point and treat every matchup as if it were the Game of the Century. Green as spring onions, few of CBS's analysts are worthy of the name. Although Pat Haden can be perceptive, he has a thin voice and tends to sound like the coordinator of a coaches' clinic.

Now into the studio. Cook got off to a shaky start, has trouble elucidating his points and still looks uncomfortable. But if anyone on television can be called the conscience of the college game, it's Beano. Earlier in the season, the NCAA criticized Cook after he mocked Vanderbilt and said the Big Ten no longer deserved an automatic bid to the Rose Bowl. The Establishment's ire merely proves his merit. To be sure, Cook isn't always right, but you do have to admire his independence. No longer can ABC be accused of shuffling for the NCAA TV committee. In

by William Taaffe

ing. Atchley on reports of probable NCAA sanctions, Musburger asked him whether the Tigers could beat Maryland. A much larger problem for CBS is Ara Parseghian, who apparently loiters on the set merely to guffaw with Musburger, seem avuncular and tell us what we already know. In Parseghian's roseate world, no player can possibly err. Why is



Final score: ABC 14, CBS 3

Led by Frank Broyles, the college football veterans beat the rookies

addition, Jim Lampley's halftime piece last week on the death of black head coaches proves that ABC now majors in journalism.

CBS's studio shows have specialized in features that lend depth and texture to college football. Host Brent Musburger's hidden jewel is Pat O'Brien, who has a feel for the scope of complex stories yet can report them clearly and concisely. Musburger has been disappointing as an interviewer, particularly in a cream-puff Q-and-A a few weeks ago with Clemson President Bill Atchley. Instead of pres-

ing him sitting there? Evidently so he can dodge every question from Musburger on the questionable coaching decision we just saw ABC by a touchdown.

Final score: ABC 14, CBS 3. CBS has put on a better show than expected, though, for its first time covering the sport. Before we schedule next year's playoff, we'd like to establish two rules: no more tilted camera shots of cheerleaders and no more speculation from the booth on players' injuries. Nowadays a lot of talkers are masquerading as general practitioners



FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE





Not long ago Elaine Zayak was just a skating bee in a kiddies' ice show. Now she's the champion of the world, and her high-flying style has the staid folks of figure skating all abuzz

by **BOB OTTUM**

CONTINUED

ELAINE ZAYAK

continued

From outside the car, looking through the windshield from just a few feet away, about the only thing that shows up behind the steering wheel is a mop of bright blonde curls. But from inside, from the front passenger seat, one can take in the rest of Elaine Zayak, all 5' 3" of her, sitting up straight with her head thrown back so that she can see over the dashboard. She's driving expertly—if a bit too fast—playing the pedals with her tiny white cowboy boots while also talking in a high, chirpy voice, tuning the radio, gesturing, changing lanes and pointing out the sights of her hometown in New Jersey. See there? That sprawl of low buildings is the Paramus Park Mall. "At's where I do all my per-

sonal appearances," she says. She giggles. It's a trademark giggle that she uses as a form of punctuation. "Lotsa folks recognize me in the mall," she says. "Well, 'at's me. The Pride of Paramus."

Well, 'at's her, all right, but she's not just the Pride of Paramus. She's La Zayak, at 17 the reigning queen of figure skating and an athlete quite unlike anybody else in that benighted sport. She may be the pride of a vast world of fans outside Paramus—but she's the despair of a sizable group of folks who control figure skating. Imagine it. If that group, consisting of international officials and judges, had its drawers, it would still prefer Peggy Fleming, forever ethereal, wrapped in pastel gauze, a soft-spoken

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

A multiple-exposure photograph dramatizes Zayak's athleticism as she does a triple toe loop, one of the more difficult jumps in her freestyle program.



butterfly. Peggy Fleming was never a problem.

This attitude will be a crucial factor in the sport in the next 15 months—two until the national championships, three to the world's and then on to the February 1984 Winter Olympics in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia. For here is one of the gutsiest, get-it-down athletes in the land, a specialist in the fine art of come-from-behind victories, in a sport run largely by hidebound conservatives. On the one hand, the figure skating folks appreciate her—there's no ignoring Zayak on the ice—and yet they can't seem to get comfortable with her.

For starters, they squirm and roll their eyes toward the heavens whenever she

speaks in that Ziegfeld Follies voice of hers. Ideally, for many American and most European executives of the International Skating Union, their queen, the world champion, would say, "My deahs. How lovely of you to come to our little competition. It was veddy, veddy difficult. And I'm sure you could not help but notice that I can do triple loops, most exhausting, devastating leaps, in which I spin around three times in midair, dahlings. Indeed, I could hear many of you gasp in amazement as I twirled dizzily over the ice. Well. . ."

That's the ideal. But here's the way it comes out when Zayak says it: "Well, like, I mean, I've always been a good jumper, you know [giggle]. I mean, I get

up to speed and then I swing it like this [a saucy little body move here to show how she swings it], and then, like, I just sort of yank myself up off of the ice. And suddenly I'm spinning around in midair [giggle]. Listen, I gotta shut my eyes to keep from gettin' dizzy [giggle]. And I can hear everybody going oooooohhhhh."

Now that's terrific. Anybody who can make a sport come to life so plainly, without pretense, is a national treasure. She should not be buffed or polished, nor should she be banished to charm school by a band of people stubbornly clinging to a daguerreotype of skating the way it once was, the way they'd like it to remain forever. Zayak is the straight, undiluted stuff.

continued



ELAINE ZAYAK

continued



The Zayaks live at the very end of McHenry Drive in one of those California-style houses with several interior levels connected by short staircases, so that every room seems to be a mezzanine. Out in the backyard are a swimming pool and gas barbecue grill and a trampoline, and Jeri, Elaine's 42-year-old mom, has hung pots of flowers from the tree branches; one of the trees has been so overloaded that its branches bend almost to the ground. Right smack over the backyard fence is the Garden State Parkway with

its steady, dull roar of traffic. Occasionally, heady clouds of exhaust fumes roll through the Zayak property. Like all moms in the neighborhood, Jeri used to tell her kids that the ditch just beyond the fence was loaded with deadly snakes and trolls and snapping turtles and Lord knows what all, so that the children wouldn't be tempted to wander across it and onto the traffic.

But all the Zayaks are too old for that now. Elaine is a high school senior and although her busy training and travel schedule allows her to attend Paramus High for only a couple of hours a day, she gets some help from a tutor and will graduate next spring. Ricky, the only son, is 20, an auto mechanic and a good one. Cindy, one year older than Elaine, graduated from high school last spring; she's working two jobs and saving her money to move to California. "Typical family," says Jeri. "You know, the kids always standing in front of the open refrigerator door, studying the contents while all the cold gets away. Cindy keeps a lock on her bedroom door so that Elaine can't sneak in and borrow her clothes. But still, we all get along." Jeri's husband, Rich, a 46-year-old with thinning sandy hair and a mustache, presides over the scene with the wry detachment of a guy who has been a bartender all his life. Rich and his

When Elaine does loops on the robe, Rich and the guys at Lou's drop football for figure skating.

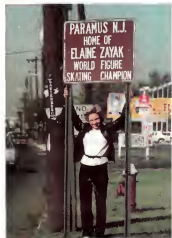
mother are co-owners of Lou's Tavern in Hillsdale, N.J., just 10 minutes north of Paramus. It's not far from the old Erie Lackawanna Railroad tracks, a working-man's bar in the blue-collar, hard-hat part of town, where "every Saturday and Sunday we got an argument over what to watch on television," Rich says. "I mean, one old customer wants to watch the football. And another regular says, 'Naaaawwww, turn on the baseball game.' And maybe still another guy wants the bowling." Rich shrugs. "But when there's figure skating on—well, if it's Elaine, we watch the figure skating."

Think of it. This has got to be one of the great tableaux in modern America: small bar in Jersey; several guys in T-shirts and workpants, some with their bellies spilling over their belts and with tattooed forearms resting on the bar. They're all rapily watching a tiny blonde girl in sequins swirl through triple jumps and double toe loops to symphonic melodies, and maybe they occasionally murmur to one another, "Shereesh! Did you see dat move?" But that's the way it is at Lou's Tavern. (Lou, by the way, was the name of the guy Rich's father bought the tavern from 16 years ago.) The Zayaks' ancestors came from Czechoslovakia; in fact, Rich's mother was born in the old country. "But we're not Czechs," he says. "The folks were very fussy about that. We're Slovaks."

The present Zayaks are very fussy—and rightly so—about the pronunciation of their last name. "Once, a long time ago," Jeri says, "I had a message to call this ABC commentator. This was when Elaine was just getting started, before we all knew each other. So he answered the phone and I said, 'Hello, Mister Dick Buttons?' And he got really huffy and he yelled, 'The name is Button, BUTTON.' And so I yelled, 'O.K. Our name is Zayak, ZAY-ak, not ZIE-ak.'"

And now the Pride of Paramus herself comes clomping downstairs in her white cowboy boots. She's wearing tight designer jeans and a slinky black tank top and—a brand-new addition—half-inch-long fake fingernails. She sits down and admires them, holding out both hands and turning them this way and that. And she giggles. "When I first got 'em," she says, "the lady did 'em in this really neat

continued



Hometown girl makes good: The Pride of Paramus poses with the largest of her many trophies.



The potential is boundless.

Potential. In many people it goes unrecognized, undeveloped and unused. That's tragic. Because when a person's potential is never developed a terrible thing happens: nothing.

In the Air Force, we look for potential. And we challenge our people to explore and discover that potential for themselves. First with skill training, then with valuable experience.

We're happy to say it works. For them. For us. And for our country. Because as our people grow, we grow.

Developing potential is part of what aiming high is all about. If we all live up to our potential as individuals, there will be no limits to the potential of our nation.

The Air Force encourages young people to continue their education. Then, with diploma or degree, to accept the challenges of modern technology. For information about these challenges in the Air Force, call 1-800-423-USAF (in California 1-800-232-USAF) or contact a local Air Force recruiter.

AIR FORCE
A great way of life.

ELAINE ZAYAK

continued

color called Do The Town Pink. But this friend of mine, he's a hockey player, he said they made me look..." She consults her mother. "Do these make me look like a hooker?"

Jeri shakes her head. "Not if you keep them a nice, plain, natural color," she says.

Because figure skating is a sport with one foot firmly planted in show business, there's always grave and nervous concern among the competitors over appearance; everybody tries to achieve some sort of magic aura that will dazzle those who watch. Clearly, too much stress is placed on what one wears, on how one stands, how one's hair looks, on how to position one's arms and hands. The men included. Crazy, none of these things have anything to do with how one does on the ice. Ideally, all figure skaters should be made to do their free skating in identical black woolen long johns with their heads shaved so there'd be no distraction from their performances. And as for the school figures, says Jeri, all competitors should execute them in the dark of night in an empty rink, leaving only their tracings to be judged the next morning.

One of the ironies in figure skating is that image has become even more important to Zayak than to most of her competitors because she's a pure athlete thrown in among balletic types. In free skating, competitors are scored on two qualities, technical merit (how tough the program is) and artistic impression (how well it's done). And there are moments, painful to watch, when one can actually sense Zayak struggling to maintain that graceful flow of movement the sport has always demanded. Heaven knows, it ain't easy being a swan. Two years ago in San Diego, after winning the national championship at 15—typically striking from fifth spot after the compulsories—she confided to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, "I do and I don't want to become a woman. You know, I want to be older so that I'm treated like a lady—but I want to look younger so that people will see me and say, 'Awwwww.'"

Well, there's no mistaking Zayak now. She's a sturdy young woman of 115 or so pounds, still carrying traces of her old chipmunk-cheek cuteness, but with a definite new, steely air of adult determination. So far it has been fun for her, a life of upset wins and jumping on competitors from out of no-

where, but now she's the world champion and the subject of even more critical scrutiny from the old guard. Cute can only get a girl so far, now she's a real target, and the toughest meets lie ahead. To keep the title, she says, "You've gotta want this really bad. Like I did when I was a kid."

To understand that determination one must go back to an accident that happened when Elaine was a kid, an episode many folks in the figure-skating world don't even know about. It never appears in the outpouring of publicity on Zayak, and the family doesn't discuss it unless pressed, and then only in the most general terms. Rich and Jeri adapted this attitude years ago, partly because the memory is painful, partly because they wanted to forestall any possible sympathy vote for Elaine. She would have to make it to the top on her own.

"It was when Elaine was 2½ years old," Jeri says. "Rich had just finished mowing the lawn—we had a ride-around mower—and he had parked it in the driveway and gone to open the garage door so he could drive it in. The mower was still running, of course. We had a strict rule that the kids weren't to be playing outside when Daddy was mowing the lawn, but just to make sure, he called to

continued

Although Zayak does most of her schoolwork with tutor Pat Burke, she still talks shop with Rich Russell at Paramount High



1983 Quantum. \$21,280. 160-hp, 5-speed manual transmission, 160-hp, 5-speed manual transmission, 160-hp, 5-speed manual transmission. *MSRP. Excludes destination charge. Actual mileage may vary.

One of the finest German cars to own if money is no object. And especially if it is.

Take a look at German high performance luxury cars and what do you find?

A body that's shaped through the most advanced aerodynamics.

An interior that's spacious and luxurious without being showy.

A quality of fit and finish that you don't find in many cars.

Then look at their prices and what do you find? Some very expensive cars.

And that's where the Volkswagen

Quantum is different. It has qualities like the expensive German cars, but it's not expensive like the expensive German cars.

Why? Because it's a Volkswagen.

And like all our cars, you get front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering and a fully independent suspension that combine for excellent road holding ability and directional control.

Which is why on any given day (rain

or shine), on any given road (wet or dry), you'll feel glad to be behind the wheel of any given Volkswagen.

The Quantum, therefore, is the perfect combination of German engineering, luxury and economy.

Actually, it may be the only one.

EPA estimated [29] mpg, 42 highway est. rate (Use estimated mpg for comparison. Mileage varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

See dealer for more info.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.



ELAINE ZAYAK

continued



Out behind the Zayak house is a ditch where, Jeri once told her children, dwell deadly snakes and trolls. Now the only beast at home is four-month-old Baron.

me to keep them inside. And just as he was calling at one side of the house, here came little Elaine from around the other side, running for her daddy. And suddenly she slipped and fell. There was a blade guard around the bottom of the mower, of course, but . . . her feet were so small that her left foot slid right underneath it. And the blades cut off most of her foot, diagonally, from the second toe angling back toward her heel." Jeri sighs, recalling the horror of that day. "I'll never forget Rich running into the house carrying Elaine in his arms. While I called for help, he laid her down on the kitchen floor and then whipped off his belt and made a tourniquet with it."

There was a long, painful recovery. Elaine had to learn to walk all over again, this time wearing a built-up left shoe, with padding where her three outer toes and most of the left side of the foot should have been. At first, doctors said that while Elaine might walk again, she'd always have a limp. But the Zayaks are a tough, resilient family and "in six months, by the time she was three years old," Jeri says, "we had her on skates. In a nursery school. Coloring books and hot chocolate and ice skating. She had tiny skates, the left one specially built. It was strictly for therapy, to teach her balance again. You know those Day-Glo orange plastic cones they set out in road construction to control traffic? Well, today's world figure-skating champion started

her career by hanging onto one of those, pushing it around the ice ahead of her as she went."

Next thing anybody knew, Zayak was a skating black pussycat and then a bumblebee in those great revues, *Tots on Ice*, at Fritz Dietl's rink in Westwood, N.J. And from the moment she first heard folks actually clapping for her, Zayak knew what she wanted to do. "I just, like, got this thing into my head," she says. "I wanted to skate all the time. I went from lesson to lesson. I'd see big skaters make certain jumps and I'd copy them—keep doing it again and again. All by myself, falling and wobbling all over, until I finally got it right. My dad used to watch; his way of encouraging me was to bet me. 'Got a buck says you can't make that jump,' he'd say. And so, when I was just a little kid, I mean really small, I could jump like crazy."

But there's considerably more to it than that, of course, and if it weren't for Peter Burrows, Zayak might still be bounding around more or less aimlessly across the ice, a victim of her own exuberance. Burrows is to figure skating what Joe Paterno is to college football, with maybe the slightest touch of Woody Hayes thrown in. He's a transplanted Brinn, a big, imposing guy, a purist,

work-'em-hard, get-it-right coach, and if ever a couple of hard heads were made for each other, it's Peter and Elaine.

Burrows has a record of producing winners who demonstrate technical mastery as well as artistry, most notably Dorothy Hamill, the 1976 U.S. national champion and Olympic gold medalist. Zayak was a first-year novice (one of the competition classes in figure skating), 12 years old, when Burrows spotted her in a meet at Lake Placid. "She was, right then, the gutsiest kid I'd ever seen," he

continued



Burrows is polishing Zayak's form for the rough competition ahead: nationals, worlds, Olympics.

GET THE CREATURES STIRRING.

Smirnoff stirs up perfect punches and perfect parties. It's the perfect quality vodka. No other vodka is filtered for purity and clarity like Smirnoff. So stir up this recipe for your next party. And pick up our free recipe booklet where you pick up your Smirnoff.

CRANBERRY WINE PUNCH

- 3 cups Smirnoff® vodka
- 1 cup Burgundy wine, nicely chilled
- 4 cups cranberry juice, also chilled

In punch bowl, combine all ingredients. Add

- big block of ice. Garnish with sliced orange and fresh strawberries. Serves 15 creatures.

Smirnoff

There's vodka,
and then there's Smirnoff.



REMEMBER SPECIAL OCCASIONS BY SENDING A GIFT OF SMIRNOFF ANYWHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL. CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-368-6148.

Smirnoff® Vodka, 40 and 100 Proof, distilled from grain. ©1998 SMIRNOFF, L.P. (Division of HeUBLEIN, Inc.) Manhattan, NY. Made in U.S.A.

LEVI'S 501[®] JEANS SUCCESSFULLY UNIMPROVED FOR OVER 125 YEARS.



One day a man named Levi Strauss created the world's first blue denim jeans.

Then something *really* remarkable happened:

For over 125 years, we didn't improve them.

The authentic, original Levi's 501[®] jeans you buy today are virtually identical to that very first pair.

Which means they're still rugged, comfortable, classic... and a bit odd.

Still guaranteed to shrink and fade.



1. Before 2. After

odd, but helpful, chart.)

After 3 washings, our exclusive "XX" all-cotton denim will "Shrink-To-Fit."

A few more washings, and the fabric "breaks in" to become softer, lighter in color and even more comfortable.

They fit like no other jeans you'll ever own.

With continued wearings, 501's[®] actually adapt to your body proportions, forming a uniquely personal relationship between man and jeans.

Yet overall, 501's[®] remain as tough as nails. Which is why an old pair is more valuable to its owner than a new pair. What's more:

a) Our front pockets are still riveted at the corners.

b) We still give you a real watch pocket, whether you need one or not. You never know.

c) You get a 5-button fly. No need to go switching to something that might just be a temporary fad, like zippers.

d) We still use only heavyweight 14-ounce denim that's so strong two horses couldn't tear it apart. Hence, the Levi's two-horse patch on every pair.

Classic style never goes out of style.

And the result of all this?

Levi's 501's[®] are probably the only

garment that's been completely in style for over a century. In fact, we'll make you a promise.

You keep buying original Levi's 501[®] blue denim jeans, and we'll keep adding no improvements.



ELAINE ZAYAK

continued

says. "I could tell that she was going to go all the way, that she would leave her own mark on figure skating."

Says Zayak: "Up until I signed with Mister Burrows, I thought I had been learning—but I had just been playing on the ice. Jeez. He's just like my dad! I mean (giggles), he can go from a normal voice to a scream, just like that. And he made me work. If I'd do something wrong, he'd pull my hair; just grab a pigtail and yank me around. If I'd fall on a difficult jump, he'd yell for me to get up and do it over again. 'Jeez, Mom, this guy's pulling my hair,' I'd say. 'He's just doing it to help,' Mom would say. And there was no back talk, ever. If I'd fall out of a jump and lay there, trying to sort out how badly I was hurt, sometimes he'd skate over and kick me—not with the tip of his skate, but with the flat side, like this. 'Do it over!' he'd yell. 'Concentrate! Work. Get it right!'"

"Yeah, old Burrows is tough," says Rich. "He won't permit any—what do you call it?—petulance from his skaters. Me and Peter, we play a little racquetball now and then, and if he happens to miss a shot, sometimes he'll bang his racquet on the court. So I tell him, 'Ah-ah-ah. Don't kick the ice.'"

And then one day in 1978, Burrows called Elaine over and said casually, "Mmmmm, I think we might do well in the junior division next year." This was the first utterance of what was to become a code between them: "we might do well" means roughly: Let's sink the Bismarck. So in 1979 Zayak lined up the North Atlantic, the Eastern, the national and the world junior championships, all in a row—and won every one. And for their next act in '80, Burrows mused, they might even do well in the senior women's division, skating out there with the big ladies, despite the fact that Elaine would be only 14.

"And that," Burrows says now, "is when world figure skating began to change. Zayak has brought a new spirit of athleticism to it. It's the same in figure skating as in other sports today: each new wave of kids is better and stronger. The only thing I did was to seize the opportunity to put her athleticism into perspective. And the proof, of course, is in the results. When Elaine first appeared, there was a tendency to say, 'Cute, but all she can do is jump.' But now, you'll note, all of the senior women are jumping to

whatever extent they can, following Zayak's lead."

Zayak was about this big—4' 11", actually—in her first appearance as a senior, at the nationals in Atlanta, which also served as the Olympic Trials. She piled on some lipstick and rouge and combed spangles into her hair—which didn't fool anybody—and made a run at the ladies. It was a historic evening. In her four-minute free-style program,

Banks standing at the top of the runway at any meet, soliciting cheers. Zayak glides to her starting spot near the center of the rink, takes a deep breath and looks into the crowd. And at that moment she gives off a sort of charge, an impish air of boop-boop-e-doop. The rest of it is an exchange of energy. "Remember, there's no finish line in figure skating," says Mary Lynn Gelderman, a former skater who now works as an assistant coach to Bur-



One year after she lost half of her left foot in a lawnmower mishap, Zayak, then three, was skating

Zayak spent about three minutes in the air in various leaps. When it was all over she had won a standing ovation and a clutch of high marks and had scared the senior women half to death. She also had moved from ninth to fourth spot. She just missed making the Olympic team, but she was awarded by popular demand a berth on the U.S. world team.

Zayak's career since then—not always on the upswing—has been fueled by a phenomenon that often occurs in track and field: she draws her energy from the crowd. It's a bit like Mary Decker Tabb being carried along on waves of applause to a women's world mile record in Paris last July or like triple-jumper Willie

rows. "It's being judged subjectively, and Elaine is controlled by the way the crowd reacts. She must compete; she's driven by the urge to win. And if there's still a feeling abroad that perhaps Elaine came on too fast in this sport, it wasn't really our plan that she become world champion this soon—it's just that she couldn't be denied."

At her first world meet, in Dortmund, West Germany in 1980, Zayak advanced from 22nd spot in compulsory figures to 14th in the short program to, finally, 11th overall. The next year she won the U.S. championship and, pouncing from fifth, seized the silver medal at the world meet in Hartford, Conn., behind Switzerland's

continued

willowy Denise Biellmann. And then came the heady events of this year in which, as much as at any time in her life, she showed the guts that make her go.

First thing, at the nationals in Indianapolis in January, she lost her U.S. title. Nobody ever does that. Not only did Zayak lose the championship to a lithe young skater named Rosalynn Summers of Edmonds, Wash., she dropped to third place. No excuses; it wasn't a case of we wuz robbed by unfair judging. Indeed, it all proved what everybody has always suspected about judging, says Gelderman: "If you're very very good, they can't stop you. Ah, but the first time you goof, they can really hurt you. It used to be that the reigning champion was somewhat protected by her title; only a drastic error could take it away. Now I don't think you'll see people hanging on to

their titles for long stretches as they have in the past."

Zayak lost her title when she committed not one drastic error, but a series of them. In fact, she blew it across the board. She stepped out of a double salchow jump in her short program. She fell three times in the long program. Thus she arrived at the world championships in Copenhagen in March, like a pug fighter with the stumbles, down and presumably out. "Like, there's all kinds of pressures," says Zayak, "but, jeez, I think skating from behind is the worst. But I couldn't quit. See, you just can't ever show 'em you can't take it."

This was the scene in Copenhagen: There were 34 senior women from 21 countries. Not all of them were threats, by any means, but Zayak could expect fierce competition from Katarina Witt of

East Germany, the defending champion, Claudia Kristofics-Binder of Austria and, of course, the new U.S. champion, Summers. After the compulsory figures, Zayak was fourth; not good, but certainly not unusual for her. The compulsories count for 30% of the total scoring. And then came the freestyle short program—another 20%. For Zayak this was two minutes of disaster. Somewhere in the middle of a triple toe loop she lost it and came down: kuh-rash. She scrambled up and pushed on. "I never cut anything," she says. "If I fall on a triple and I got four more coming up, you think that I'd play it safe and cut them out? Uh-uh. No way." When the music and the scoring had finally ended, she was in 10th place in the short program. Zayak's combined scores in the two events put her seventh overall.

continued

SHE'S A TRUE TRIPLE THREAT

Bold athletic skating is more or less routine for the male competitors but for women it largely begins and ends with Elaine Zayak. Until recently, athletic women were expected to keep that condition well hidden behind a cloak of femininity. In the 1920s and '30s, three-time Olympic champion Soya Henie didn't attempt so much as a double jump in competition, nor did she try any even in her later career as a pro (though she did plenty of single and half jumps); five-time world champ and 1960 Olympic gold medalist Carol Heiss did one double axel in her program. Peggy Fleming, three-time world titlist and the '68 Olympic winner, threw in a few double axels, and every senior woman since then has attempted more, tugged along by evolution. But nobody jumps like Zayak.

In the four minutes of freestyle skating that caps a competition, Zayak does at least 18 jumps, often at the risk of either injury or blowing the contest. Seven of these jumps are triples of one sort or another. Although triples aren't required for the freestyle program, all senior women are expected to trot out a few,

just to show their stuff; but none risk as many as Elaine. "You really don't know how one's gonna turn out until you're way up in the air," says Zayak. "If you goofed on takeoff, you sometimes try to break out of it in mid-jump. But that never works. You're up there, you're spinning, and you're dead. And what happens is, the audience actually sees a crash getting ready."

In the language of the sport, doubles are just what you'd expect. In the course of a particular sort of jump, be it an axel, a salchow or whatever, the skater does two 360s in midair.

A triple, of course, comprises at least three 360-degree turns. The toughest of the jumps Zayak does is the triple loop. "You get going backwards, like really fast," says Zayak. "And you kind of crouch down—but gracefully—and put all your weight on your right foot, with the left foot out in front. And then you push off and lift yourself up—just like somebody going up for the high jump—and your momentum whips you around three times in the air. You land going backward."

Zayak does one triple loop in her allotted four minutes, plus four triple toe loops—in which the takeoff comes with the left toe dug quickly into the ice and the right leg coming around in an arc to provide the lift. One of the triple toe loops is executed in combination with a double axel and another is combined with a split jump. She also does two triple salchows, second-toughest of the jumps—no toe digging, merely a quick takeoff from the edge of her left blade. What's more demanding is that the seven triples are interspersed with other difficult moves, including the split and

the double axel, which involves 2½ turns in the air.

All of this burns up three and a half minutes of intense activity from one end of the rink to the other. "Now there's just half a minute to go and I'm dead already," Zayak says. "But here's the judges look very closely at you to see if you're tired; you've got to finish big and not look the slightest bit out of breath." And indeed, she finishes at top speed, but it's illusory; all of the really tough stuff is out of the way. She concludes with a double axel, half loop, double toe loop, butterfly spin and finally a scratch spin, a dizzying whirl in which the skater goes ever faster and faster until it seems she'll take off into the rafters like a helicopter. In this spin Zayak twirls so fast, building up so much centrifugal force in the process, that her blood surges to the surface of her skin, filling and often breaking the tiny capillaries there, so that for about an hour thereafter she is covered with a bright-red flush.

Still, despite all the during stuff that Zayak does, there's the danger of some other competitor catching up. Which can only mean she'll have to roll out the last weapon. It's the triple axel. 3½ turns in the air. Very few of the men skaters can do it, and none is attempting it in competition these days. No woman ever has. "There's something about that extra half-turn," Zayak says. "It takes such big speed and power to pull it off. And if you fall on this jump, you *really* get hurt."

But wouldn't you know it? Zayak can do triple axels. She did them at 13; and if she has to do, she'll do them again.

—B.O.

**"I don't like to tell clients
their insurance has been cancelled
through no fault of their own."**

Robert F. Denney, CFCU/
Independent Insurance Agent
Edward F. Cook Agency, Inc.
East Hampton, New York



"When an insurance company simply decides it doesn't want to insure certain types of risks anymore, it's more than an embarrassment to the independent agent. It wastes our clients' time and money and jeopardizes our

good relationships. My solution to this problem is to choose insurance companies with a good record of long-term stability in the marketplace. CNA is one insurance company that has shown us this kind of commitment."

Judge us by the agents who represent us

INSURANCE FROM
CNA

CNA Insurance Companies/CNA Plaza/Chicago, IL 60685

Let's face it, trying to come from seventh to win in the long program is an almost hopeless proposition. And in the moments before she went on—Zayak was out of the top seed and was assigned to skate 11th from the end—the following things happened:

- She momentarily went to pieces. Not in front of everybody; she closed herself in a small room with Burrows and just went blooey, screaming and crying. Burrows leaned against the door and let her yell it out. "You just can't put that kid down," he says. "I could actually feel her sense of fear, of being alone out there."

But about the only thing I could do was to let her know that she was the best and not to worry."

- Hearing the yowling, Jeri came to the door and pounded desperately to get in. "Go away!" barked Burrows, bracing against the wall with one foot holding the door shut. "But I'm her mother!" Jeri protested.

"And I'm her coach!" Burrows yelled.

The door stayed closed.

- Along came, of all people, old Fritz Dietl of Tots on Ice. He got in the door. "So what are you afraid of already?" Dietl asked the former skating bumblebee.

- And then Rich showed up with that wry smile of his. He got in, too. "You don't have to be afraid of anything in this whole world," he told Elaine. He put a little Paramus pause in there. "Well, except me," he said.

But Elaine already knew all of that, and it is now a matter of skating legend that, when the tears had dried, she went out and blew their doors off. It was a wild, free program, full of flourish and with seven triple jumps (see box), only one of them the least bit wobbly. One of Europe's respected figure-skating critics, Alex McGowan, described it in the British magazine, *Ice and Roller Skate*: "Elaine Zayak ... surely give them something to shout at. A rare combination of youthful dynamism, technical strength and cheeky energy pervaded her performance. Let's hope the critics, especially in the U.S.A., will lay off her and her coach, Peter Burrows, and, instead, be proud of this gutsy kid who brought them a world championship."

That last comment was aimed at ABC in general and Peggy Fleming in particular. As color commentator for the network, Fleming, the three-time world and 1968 Olympic champion, whose most risky move as a skater was a modest double axel, tells viewers what is and isn't good. She has never liked athleticism. And even when Zayak came roaring out of seventh spot to win the world title, Fleming still wouldn't let the kid up. Nice, but as far as style goes she has a long way to go, Fleming said.

Well, whatever it is the kid may or may not have to learn, let's hope it

And now starts the final countdown. After all, a girl can't do this sort of thing forever; the life expectancy of a figure-skating champion is about that of an NFL running back, three or four good years. And in the style of most women skating champs dating all the way back to Sonja Henie, Zayak hopes to turn pro for big money after the '84 Winter Games. She sees the life of a pro as fantastically glamorous and exciting. She sees herself in swell clothes, tooling around in a bone-white Mercedes 450 SL convertible with real leather seats and her own personal license plates. And she

sees herself in an ice show, skating to easy numbers in which she whips off maybe three triple jumps at the outside. The rest of it is all easy, uh, Peggy Fleming stuff. Although she sometimes talks about a place in Hollywood, Zayak expects to buy herself a house in Paramus—who'd really want to live anywhere else?

Nice. But first come a bunch of lesser competitions and then the three big ones: the national championships Feb. 1-5 in Pittsburgh, the 1983 world meet March 8-13 in Helsinki—and finally the Olympics.

They'll be the toughest meets ever. As luck would have it, after a sort of slack period, the level of world competition has improved vastly and Zayak is now being chased by a number of chargers. She is also coming off an injury—a lateral ligament strain in her left ankle. Her left foot is the takeoff foot for all her jumps. She's building up slowly for the long, hard campaign ahead.

"We're going to try to counter them with different and new stuff," says Burrows. "We're putting together a new program that'll carry Elaine through the Olympics. There'll be more difficult combinations. Maybe even one more triple jump."

Zayak rolls her eyes and looks resigned. "More triples?"

Burrows shrugs, ever tough. "If a woman can have a baby, she can do triple jumps," he says. "And if we work hard and do all of this correctly, I think we might do well."

Elaine flashes her grin. "At's me," she says.



Zayak was only 15 when she won the nationals at San Diego.

doesn't change her. Paramus would be shattered, for one thing. The hometown girl came back to a triumphant welcome—sheesh, everybody was there, the mayor and all. The Zayaks were met at the Paramus city line by cops and sirens and escorted royally to the Paramus Park Mall for a gala reception. And the good old Paramus Bowl—you know, the place where Chris Schenkel broadcasts ABC's *Pro Bowlers Tour* show—put this sign on its marquee: WELCOME HOME, WORLD CHAMP ELAINE ZAYAK. And believe us, the folks there know how to pronounce it.

"A pen is a pen is a pen. Isn't it?"



Not exactly.

A Parker ball pen will write up to five times longer than most ball pens. And is so carefully constructed, the clip alone takes a minimum of nine separate steps to craft and 24 hours to polish.



Twenty five balls laid end to end measure a single inch. Yet each lies in its socket with no more than 300 millionths of an inch spacing for the smoothest flow of ink possible.

A Parker has a ball that's tungsten carbide. Microscopically textured to grip the paper to help prevent skipping or blobbing. Then finished to a tolerance of two-millionths of an inch.

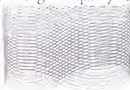
A Parker has to breeze through 53 quality control checks. And hundreds each week are required to live through a grueling assortment of performance tests.

From having their buttons clicked in and out 50,000 times.

To being baked in an oven at 140°, then frozen at -20°. (Not once but 50 consecutive times.) And then having to write perfectly, without leaking a trace, once they warm to room temperature.

When a pen will do all this—and you can own one for as little as \$2.98—it's not just another pen at all.

It's something of a small miracle.



Back and forth. Again and again. Turning 40,000 figure eights. Every day dozens of Parker pens must prove themselves on our test writing machines.

©1987 PPK



PARKER



by BRUCE WEBER

SPORTS CAN BE A RIGOROUS TEST OF A MAN'S LIMITATIONS AND OF HIS IDEALS

I have been thinking about why I'm not playing in the major leagues or in the NBA. It has something to do with my physique, of course, with the talent I wasn't born with, with the dedication I didn't have—all those things. But I prefer to think it has most to do with the faith I have in ideals.

Like most children who play ball games, I held aspirations to greatness and had to have them drummed out of me before I'd give them up (I was born with two fingers missing on one of my hands, but I believed that made me remarkable as an athlete.) It was only recently, though, that I knew how valuable it was for me, first to have those dreams and then to have them frustrated. How else would I have gotten so clear a view of the difference between what I have and what I want? How else would I have learned so thoroughly what a rugged path it is to the right way to do things?

My father used to say something to me when I was playing Little League baseball. "You don't strike out because you won't strike out." I was scrappy, according to him, and I played like Eddie Stanky. He admired my style. "Smart and sneaky, Stanky," my father said. I heard all about Stanky's tactic of sliding hard and kicking the ball out of a fielder's glove.

I remember our team, a bunch of raggedy kids who liked winning. We wore green hats with the peaks creased fashionably, just so. We had more coaches—nine—than any Little League team; they included the fathers of two of our players and a grizzled little man and his six grown sons. All of them seemed to think alike about baseball. During practices we listened to lectures on aggressiveness. We had a drill in which the biggest guy on the team—the Bomb, we called him—put on the catcher's equipment and stood at home plate with the ball. One at a time the rest of us tried to score from third by zooming in and attempting to knock the ball from his hands. "Run the big guy down," we were counseled. The Bomb

deflected us in various directions. We represented our sponsor, the town's sanitation department, well. On the bench we talked about cleaning up the league, as if that were really our business and not just a joke. Two-thirds of the way through the season we were undefeated.

We had a big game scheduled against the team in second place, a team that had lost only to us. All day in school I watched the clouds gather and wondered if it would rain before we could play that night. The evening darkened early, and as our fathers wandered to the field after work, they carried their umbrellas. Standing at my position, second base, I saw my father drive by, and I knew he would park around the corner.

The game was close. A big fellow named Hans pitched for the other team. He was incredibly gangly, and he could really throw. In the third inning, though, the Bomb plastered one and ended up on second. Then another guy singled and the rightfielder threw to the plate. The Bomb came careening in and ran over the catcher, who'd been waiting for him with



the ball. He was a little guy, the catcher. When he squatted to catch, his chest protector tickled the ground. The Bomb blasted him, and the little guy landed a good distance away, still holding the ball. Our coaches were yelling, "Way to go, Bomb!"

In the next inning I singled. Then I stole second. The little catcher's throw went wild, and I left for third. The throw from center had me beat, but I slid and kicked the ball out of the third baseman's glove.

The opposing bench was along the third-base line. Their coach—Mr. Lipkin, as I shall call him—came off the bench and walked toward the base. "Don't worry about it, Richie," he said to the third baseman. "Don't worry about it. They're a dirty team."

I didn't score because the Bomb struck out. Between innings the rain started, and it came down so hard and fast that everyone knew the game was over, a tie.

My father and I tried to stuff my bicycle in the trunk of his car, but it wouldn't fit all the way. We left the handlebars hanging out and tied the trunk roof down over it. We got soaked. When my father backed the car up to pull away from the curb, the handlebars of the bike went through the grillwork of the car parked behind us. My father said something unsportsmanlike and got out of the car. Then he got back in, wrote a note on a piece of paper he pulled from the glove compartment and got out again.

Back in the car my father said, "I hope the rain doesn't wash out the message." It was pouring. "Too bad. It was a good game. I'm sorry you didn't win."

"Dad," I said. "Do you think we're a dirty team?"

"For the most part, no," he said.

"Am I a dirty player?"

"You figure it out," he said.

Later, while I was doing my homework, the doorbell rang. I heard my father talking about the car. I went downstairs. Mr. Lipkin was there, and my father was giving him a check.

"Thank you," Mr. Lipkin said, and then he saw me. "Hello, son," he said.

"Hello," I said. "What makes us a dirty team?"

Mr. Lipkin looked startled, but he relaxed. "You care too much," he said. "You try too hard." He turned to my father to say good-night. "I appreciate your honesty," Mr. Lipkin said to him. And then he left.

We heard his footsteps in the rain. "Dad," I said, "He isn't right, is he?"

"You figure it out," my father said.

When I was in college and still thought I had something going for me athletically, I would go alone to a suburban park to practice my jump shot. There I once met a small black kid who told me he was 16, but he looked to be no older than nine or 10. He had the struggling grace of a teenager, but he wasn't more than 4½ feet tall. He was shooting baskets, smoothly using all his strength to get the ball to reach the hoop and saying "Wham!" when the ball rattled in the chain nets. He said his name was Wes, and we played some halfhearted one-on-one

continued

DOES LOWERING YOUR THERMOSTAT MAKE YOUR INNER SPACE FEEL LIKE OUTER SPACE?



When rising fuel bills force you to lower your thermostat, do you feel the bitter cold of outer space encroaching upon your inner space?

Now you can do something about it. With a Kero-Sun® portable kerosene heater.

These kerosene heaters are precision-designed to the highest technical standards. They're 99.9% fuel-efficient, which means you can actually heat a large room for a surprisingly small cost.

There are nine different models to choose from. Each one is precisely engineered for clean operation, thoroughly safety-tested, and listed by



Underwriters Laboratories. What's more, each one comes with a no-nonsense, 12-month limited warranty that's backed by over 12,000 authorized dealers.

So just turn down your thermostat, turn on your Kero-Sun heater, and once again there will be no place like inner space.

Check the Yellow Pages under Heating Equipment for a dealer near you.



**WE BRING COMFORT
TO INNER SPACE.**

Check local codes for permitted uses. (Consulting) Use proper safety code for use or use of such unvented heaters in dwellings.

Some bigger guys arrived, a few of them as tall as I was, and they slapped palms with Wes, calling him by name or "Honey." We chose sides and played an energetic, amiable game. They called me Big Man because I have long arms and blocked some shots. When the game was over, Wes tapped me on the arm.

"Hey, Big Man," he said. "You only got three fingers."

I was uncomfortable. "Yeah," I said. "I know."

"Did you amputate 'em?"

"No, I was born that way."

"Damn!" he said.

A tall boy shouted, "Come at me, Wes. Drive to the hoop." Wes took off, dribbled between his legs and had his shot blocked, and the two boys laughed.

"You see that dude, Tony?" I heard Wes say. "He only got three fingers, and he's still out here playing."

We played one more game, a close one, and after the last basket most of the players sauntered off to buy orange drink. Wes stood aside, leaning on the fence, running a hand across his forehead. He had removed his shirt, and I was surprised to see a tuft of hair under his arm. His torso was tony but handsome. Tony was doing push-ups, and I asked him if he and Wes were brothers.

"Naw," Tony said, standing. "We're in the same class up at the high school."

"He's a good athlete," I said. Tony smiled.

"Honey can play," he said. He gath-



"Be cool," said Wes. He picked up a ball and spun it on his forefinger. He lost it and began dribbling. "Archibald drives," he said. I moved over to play defense. Wes stopped in front of me and leaped, and for a moment we were eye to eye. He hurled his jump shot at the basket. It banged in the hoop, dropped and held for a second in the nets.

"Wham!" said Wes.

My softball team, the Idle Minds, is made up primarily of lawyers and admen. Two years ago we won a league championship and ventured into an intricate playoff system. I had a bad year, though. I couldn't find the sweet spot on the bat. I'm a slap hitter usually, and what I'd intended to be line drives, ropes between

sports, the quality of the umpiring is often even worse than the quality of the play. It's as unfair to yell at a crummy umpire as it is to yell at a teammate who pops up in the clutch or who makes a crucial error. All of it has to do with ability. No one is out to offend you. Nonetheless, in one important game we had a fellow who was the worst possible umpire, and admonishing myself to keep still did no good. He had his own strike zone that began at the neck and went up. We Idle Minds argued about him among ourselves on the bench. "Look, at least he's consistent," someone said. "He calls them bad for both teams."

Eye-level pitches were strikes, so everyone was appreciating. I had plenty to do in the outfield, jogging back and forth to track down flies one after the other, nothing much was falling in. The game was silly, I thought. On the bench I made a speech.

"This isn't softball," I said. "It's something else. How can it be softball if we're not playing by the rules of softball? What if the diamond had five bases? Would that be softball? What if we played with two balls at once? Would that be softball? What he's doing is the same thing. This is some game of the umpire's devising."

"Shut up," someone said.

I batted that inning and took two strikes over my head and then fled to right. Instead of going back to the bench, I jogged over to the umpire and began railing at him. "What's the matter with you? Are you too short to see the high pitches?" He was pretty short. "Take my word for it, they're too high."

In the next inning, with one out and runners on first and third, their batter slapped one to second. We have guys who can turn a nifty double play, and I thought this would be one. The shortstop took the flip and tried evading the runner and slinging the ball over to first, but the runner was waving his arms over his head and the throw hit him in the wrist. A run scored.

I asked our shortstop, "Was he waving his arms?" Then I went to the umpire. "He was waving his arms. That's interference," I said.

"No, he wasn't," the ump said.

"Was he waving his arms?" I asked the shortstop.

"Yes, he was," the shortstop said.

"He was waving his arms. He's not allowed to wave his arms. How can you see a strike above somebody's head and not



ered his stuff. The other players had gone.

"Good game, man," I said.

"Yeah," Wes slapped palms.

"Hey, man," Tony said. "You can play pretty good." He looked sheepish and ducked his head.

We stood around for a minute. "I got to go, Honey," Tony called. He slung a jacket over his shoulder and walked off, his head hobbling.

fielders, became lazy flies and high hoppers. All season long I held on to the memory of a throw I'd made from center field in the opening game, a perfect low strike that ripped a guy at third. The play was so close that the third baseman had his glove hand spiked.

In one regular-season game I took out my frustration over my hitting on the umpire. It's true that in lowly amateur

Bacardi rum. For one and for all.

Bacardi eggnog. Greet friends with cheer. Simply add 12 oz. Bacardi dark rum to 1 qt. prepared eggnog. Fold in 1 cup whipped heavy cream. Chill. Crown with nutmeg. Serves 12.

Bacardi strawberry daiquiri. Enjoyed by all. In large container, mix juice of 8 limes or 6 lemons and 9 tps. sugar (or 6 oz. limeade or lemonade concentrate, omit sugar). Add 1½ pckgs frozen strawberries and one 750 ml bottle Bacardi light rum. Split in two batches to blend. Pour batches into bowl or pitcher over ice. Serves 18.



Bacardi and ice. Sp. And get to know the good taste of Bacardi dark or light rum as it really is. Each with its own distinctive taste. Smooth. Light. Pour 2 jiggers over ice. Cheers.

Bacardi and juice. Celebrate!

Splash a jigger of Bacardi light rum over ice in a tall glass. Fill with pink grapefruit or orange juice. Squeeze in lime or lemon wedge. Stir. Ah-h-h.

Bacardi and cola.

Party favorite. Just splash a jigger of Bacardi dark rum over ice in a tall glass, fill with cola and add a squeeze of lime.

Bacardi piña colada.

Winty winds carry tropical tidings. Blend 1 oz. cream of coconut and 2 oz. pineapple juice (or prepared mix) with 1½ oz. Bacardi dark rum and crushed ice. Serve tall with ice and pineapple.

BACARDI® rum. The holiday spirit. Made in Puerto Rico.

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY, LTD. © 1992 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC. MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF

An Outstanding Opportunity For Collectors of Western Art

THE FIFTH IN A SERIES OF LIMITED EDITION BRONZE REPLICAS

AVAILABILITY: THE LIMITED EDITION OF 1,000 IS APPROACHING CLOSEOUT. WE URGE YOU TO PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW TO GUARANTEE DELIVERY.

The original American "rugged individualist," the mountain man was immortalized by Frederic Remington in this striking bronze, completed in 1903.

A SOLITARY FIGURE IN AN UNCHARTED WILDERNESS

More than any Western character, the mountain man typified the courage and daring of the first Western explorers. The mountain men were the first to explore the vast expanse of the American West.

REMINGTON'S REALISM AT ITS BEST

The Mountain Man is one of Remington's most detailed bronzes. Every item of his equipment is accurately depicted — his rifle, his traps, his blanket roll, powder horn, knife, fur hat and buckskins.

UNSURPASSED QUALITY IS GUARANTEED

The Mountain Man, in a strictly limited edition of 1,000, is cast by the lost wax process.

The model for the edition has been approved by the Director of The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, where the original is on display.

A REMARKABLE VALUE IN TODAY'S INFLATED ART MARKET

At a time when bronzes of lesser quality are priced from \$3,000 up, this edition is offered to collectors at \$1,875. Each bronze is accompanied by a Certificate of Ownership signed by the Director of The Buffalo Bill Historical Center.

GUARANTEED REPURCHASE AGREEMENT

Museum Collections unconditionally guarantees to repurchase your bronze at the issue price of \$1,875 any time within one year of your purchase.

TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE

800-243-4492, or write: Frederic H. Schlenker, Director, Museum Collections, Dept. C94, 140 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Ct. 06830 for brochure. You may pay by check, money order or major credit card. Optional five month payment plan available.

Frederic Remington's "The Mountain Man"

Issued in cooperation with The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, in an edition of 1,000, the replica is hand finished, boundary marked, numbered and dated. It is approximately 22 inches high with American Walnut base, three fourths the size of the Remington original.

**museum
collections**

PERSPECTIVE continued

see someone waving his arms above his head?"

We were shut out in that game. I had a chance to drive in some runs when a real strike floated across the letters with men on base, but I dribbled one down to first.

A few weeks later, we were taking infield practice before our first playoff game when our opponents arrived, all of them bearing molls on the backs of their motorcycles. It was an eerie way to begin. Neither team had anything to say to the other. No one said hello. They parked their bikes along the leftfield line, and we started right up.

In the sixth inning we were behind by only a run, but things were grim; we were, in effect, losing much worse than that. I had the feeling that we could never beat them, but that they could smash us. And we'd had the benefit of a few close calls. Their first batter of the inning fouled off a pitch. Then suddenly the umpire was pointing and shouting, "Hey, that's my car!" as this vehicle was screeching out of the lot next to the field. "That's my damn car!" the umpire said.

Our fielders stood stock-still. But our opponents left their girl friends on the bench, leapt on their motorcycles and took off to pursue the umpire's stolen car.

They came back with it 20 minutes later. The guy who drove the car needed a lift back to where he'd left his motorcycle. While we waited for him, we heard the story. As I remember it, the car thief saw the flock of motorcycles behind him and abandoned the car at an intersection, and three of our opponents roared through a vacant lot and surrounded him. Then they brought him to a cop.

The umpire shook hands with the guys on both teams and thanked everyone. I could sense that all of a sudden we felt more amiable toward our opponents, as if they were much better guys than we'd thought. At last the game resumed and they immediately started lacing the ball and scored six runs.

I made the last out of the game. I wasn't troubled by it, it all seemed, in the end, just. Besides, I couldn't get away from this daydream I was having: During the rally that tied the game for our opponents, I'd had a chance to throw a guy out at the plate. The throw had sailed wide. I now saw the throw the way it should have been, a true throw, having little arc, bending slightly like a clothesline in a breeze and zeroing in on the grateful catcher.

END

U-HAUL® COSTS YOU LESS. HERE'S WHY:



1. TRIM LINE GAS SAVER FLEET

With U-HAUL, you get a light-weight, low-profile, aerodynamic moving van designed to safely and economically move your family and furniture.

manufactures its own trucks and trailers specifically for the household mover. We don't buy our vehicles for later resale to industrial users. You can rent or borrow a rough-riding freight truck almost anywhere.

U-HAUL won't rent you a



2. MOVING VANS — NOT FREIGHT TRUCKS

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van, not just a truck or trailer. A moving van that is gentle on you and your furniture. With a soft, furniture-saving suspension, padded interior, easy-loading low deck and lots of tie-downs. And it's easy to drive or tow. U-HAUL designs and

gas-guzzling, freight truck for moving. We don't rent trucks — we rent moving vans. And we've been doing this since 1945.

3. SAFETY AND SECURITY

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van that is in first-class mechanical condition. And we make certain it stays that way. We

cover the U.S., Canada and Alaska with 6,000 dealers, 1,000 moving centers, 600 mobile repair units, 150 maintenance shops, six manufacturing plants, a research center and a certified test track. You can count on our road service 24-hours a day for no additional money. We are always nearby — willing, quick and able.

4. LOW RENTAL RATES

Tipping all this, U-HAUL will match any competitor's rate, discount or guarantee.* Just tell us. We mean it when we say "U-HAUL COSTS YOU LESS." Less worry, less time, less work, less damage, less gas — less overall cost.

**THE BEST COSTS YOU LESS
BECAUSE
MOVING
IS OUR
BUSINESS**

U-HAUL®
MOVING & STORAGE

*Excludes where traffic control fees apply.

TOW DOLLIES FOR
FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE CARS.
ALSO TOW BARS.



PACKING & LOADING SERVICE.
FREE ESTIMATES.



PROFESSIONAL
MOVING & PACKING AIDS.



SELF-STORAGE ROOMS
COAST TO COAST.



Reminiscence

by WILLIAM BUCHANAN

MY HUNT FOR OLD SCREAMER WAS A SERIOUS CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Old Screamer made his first appearance one balmy midnight in the spring of 1940. For years the abandoned quarry three miles south of the Western Kentucky town of Eddyville (pop. 2,407) had been a favored parking spot for lovers. On this particular night, two cars sat on the gravel bed at the base of the 35-foot-high limestone cliff that rose above the horseshoe-shaped quarry on three sides. From one car radio wafted a strain of soft music. Suddenly, from the crest of the cliff, a blood-chilling scream pierced the night. In unison two car engines roared to life. Gander Galusha and his date heard something heavy land on the roof of their Chevrolet convertible. Then came a ripping sound. The startled couple looked up through a gaping hole to see a snarling animal clawing madly through the canvas top. Gander threw the car in gear, pressed the accelerator to the floor and spun the car around on the gravel. The maneuver flung the animal from the roof. Gander didn't stop to see what it was. Nor did the couple in the other car, who were already well away.

The next day the incident was the talk of the town. "Bobcat," said one of the wizened oldtimers who occupied the benches on the courthouse lawn, "Big one, from the sound of things. Came up from the bottoms. I figure, during the spring floods, I've seen 'em claw up folks mighty bad. Someone best get him out of there, 'fore he does some real harm."

Someone tried, then someone else—men with shotguns and rifles, trappers. Every hunter in the county, it seemed, took a stab at it but to no avail. The midnight screams continued.

One Saturday, Sam Litchfield drove into town and hurried into the drugstore. In the bed of his pickup truck his young English setter, Pepper, lay injured, his back and chest a mass of wounds. When Sam emerged from the store, he began doctoring his dog. Sam had been training Pepper on a covey of quail that nested in the field behind the old quarry, he explained to onlookers. Suddenly, the in-

jured dog broke discipline and ran up the back side of the quarry. Then came a loud commotion on the top of the cliff—"fierce snarling and growling." Pepper began to yelp in pain. By the time Sam reached the base of the cliff, Pepper had limped back down and collapsed. As Sam lifted Pepper and ran to his truck, he heard a scream from the cliff. "Mean and threatening, like the varmint was warning me to stay away or else," Sam said.

No one had any doubts about what Pepper had encountered. After that, the quarry was abandoned once again. Old Screamer, as he was now known by one

I nodded. It wasn't that I considered myself a better hunter than the others. Oh, I could bag my limit of a dozen quail on the wing with 12 shots any day of the week. But, that wasn't unusual for a boy raised in the Cumberland River Valley. Still, I did have one advantage: "I'm taking Moses," I said confidently.

Moses was one-quarter bloodhound, one-quarter coon dog and one-half undetermined origin. In the six years since I'd picked him from a ragged, eight-pup litter whelped one rainy afternoon behind the grade-school boiler plant, he'd been devoted to me. Together we explored the pleasures life offers the young: lazing away hot summer days in our favorite swimming hole near the north bend of

the Cumberland, bass fishing in the backwater bar ditches along dusty country lanes, roaming the deep Kentucky woods in search of ripe persimmons and wild sweet potatoes, possum hunting through the long winter nights. Moses' reputation for treeing possums was formidable. If there was one foraging within five miles, Moses could sniff him out. A dog that capable just had to be able to flush one ornery bobcat into the open where I could draw a good bead on him.

I took my 20-gauge shotgun from the closet and selected four shells with No. 5 shot. In the kitchen I shoved a can of pork and beans into my pocket and whistled for Moses.

The walk to the quarry took slightly more than an hour. By sundown we were settled in a comfortable niche at the base of the cliff. I opened the can of pork and beans with my hunting knife, scooped half onto a flat rock for Moses and ate the rest. Then, with Moses curled up at my feet, we settled back to await darkness—and Old Screamer.

Something brushed my cheek. I awoke with a start, surprised that I'd dozed off. A light wind had come up, and a nearby scrub oak swayed in the breeze, its branches lightly touching my face. The night was partly cloudy but moonlit, and the cloudless portions of the sky were ablaze with stars. A chorus of crickets serenaded the evening, their song echoing across the quarry. Overhead, a feeding bat folded its wings and dived headlong toward a cloud of swarming gnats. Just then, an angry growl reached my ears. Moses! I jumped to my feet and

continued



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL HARRIS

and all, had laid claim to a domain.

And that's how matters stood late that summer when, one afternoon soon after my 14th birthday, I announced to my father that I was going after Old Screamer. My father was a tolerant man who advocated independence in his children. But on this occasion he lowered his paper and eyed me askance. "Oh? When?"

"Tonight."

"I see." His tone was not encouraging. "A lot of good men have tried already."

"I know."

"I suppose you have a different plan, then?"



People who have more to say with their photographs deserve a camera that can help them say it best.

For some people, photography is more than taking pictures. It's creating. It is for these people that Olympus designs cameras.

Our technology is state-of-the-art. But not for the sake of technology. Instead, we use technology to complement the photographer's creativity.

That's why every technical feature on every Olympus camera has a specific creative function.

For example, take the new **Olympus OM-G**—the first SLR in its class so rugged, it accepts a blazing 5 frames-per-second motor drive. It's the brightest of its breed, thanks to its new focusing screen and color-coded viewfinder LEDs showing all vital camera functions. The lightest, weighing just 15.2 ounces. And with over 300 OM System lenses and components, it's as versatile as it is easy to use—and own!

Or, take the uniquely-designed **Olympus XA2**. The 7.1 ounce, go-anywhere compact combining

pocket-camera ease with professional 35mm picture quality. Offers case-free, cap-free, Focus-Free™ convenience; automatic, electronic exposure control; precision-ground, all-glass 35mm f3.5 lens, and much more. Incredibly small, sophisticated, and affordable!

If you're a photographer, or have one on your holiday gift list, take a good look at these and the full range of Olympus cameras and OM System components at your Olympus dealer. (Or write Olympus, Woodbury, NY 11797. In Canada: W. Carsen Co. Ltd., Toronto.)

They're all designed for people who have more to say than just smile.

OLYMPUS

When you have more to say than just smile.

The jazz that changed jazz.



Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond
at Boston's legendary Stoneville Club, 1954

DAVE BRUBECK Early Fantasies

TRIO. Dave Brubeck, Cal Tjader, Ron Crosby
QUARTET. Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond,
Lloyd Davis, Wyatt Ruster
OCTET. Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond,
Cal Tjader, Dave Van Kriedt, Bill Smith,
Dick Collins, Bob Collins, Jack Weeks
SOLO PIANO. Dave Brubeck

37 rare cuts from the famous Fantasy record label.

Here are the cuts—recorded between 1948 and 1956—that made Brubeck's reputation, that introduced Paul Desmond and Cal Tjader to an international audience. Here is the jazz that changed jazz.

Despite their importance, most of these 37 cuts had been long buried in storage vaults—out of print for years. Recently, with the help of Dave Brubeck himself, who selected each of the cuts, we made them available to members of the Book-of-the-Month Club. We invite you now to enjoy them, too.

How to audition Early Fantasies with no obligation and no club to join.

To charge on Visa or MasterCard, call our toll free number 1-800-345-8540, Ext. #46. In Pennsylvania, 1-800-662-5180, Ext. #46. Operators are available 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

To order by mail, send your check or money order to Book-of-the-Month Records, Camp Hill, Pa. 17012. Please include the item number of the set you want, shipping and handling charge of \$1.75 (and sales tax if you live in NY or PA). Also, please write the code number (lower right corner of this ad) on your order.

Three records
(#902 5547)
or two 8-tracks
(#440 5551)
or two cassettes
(#20 5566)

\$22.95
plus shipping
and handling



PLEASE NOTE: This album is not only the first comprehensive gathering of Dave Brubeck's earliest recordings, it's also the first time that any of his Fantasy label recordings have been released on 8-track tapes or cassettes.

OUR GUARANTEE: If for any reason you're not satisfied with the set, you can return it to us within 15 days for a full refund or credit.

REMINISCENCE continued

turned to face the cliff. A narrow trail, illuminated by moonlight, wound tortuously up the sheer face. A shower of pebbles bounced down the cliff and fell around me. I thought: Moses is up there! He's stuffing something. I checked the safety on my gun. Then I sensed a presence nearby. I turned to see Moses behind me. He wasn't on the trail. He hadn't dislodged the pebbles!

Suddenly the night sounds ceased. At that second, a horrible shriek, not unlike a person crying out in agony, shattered the eerie silence. Old Screamer! With a guttural bark Moses leapt past me and bounded up the steep trail. Sweat stung my eyes and my fingers grew slippery on the gun stock. For the first time I wondered if I'd bitten off more than I could chew.

From atop the cliff came another wild screech. Then Moses' bark, high-pitched and rapid now, signaled that he had located his prey. Gun poised, I waited for the telltale change in Moses' tone that would alert me that the prey had been flushed. But the rapid barking continued unabated. This could only mean one thing—Old Screamer was holding his ground. Then, ominously, the barking abruptly changed to a series of frightened yelps.

All at once the night was frigid. I remembered Pepper. But he was an inexperienced dog. Moses is a veteran hunter, I told myself. Moses yelped again. Belatedly, I realized that this was not the time to debate Moses' qualifications. I rushed toward the cliff, got a footing on the trail and began to scramble upward. "Hold on, Moses!" I yelled. "I'm coming!"

At that moment the moon disappeared behind a cloud.

The now darkened trail was littered with loose stones. Barely able to see, I groped ahead gingerly. Halfway up, I stepped too close to the edge. The soft shoulder gave way and I fell headlong onto the rocky path with a jarring thud. The gun slammed down in front of me and almost teetered into the void. I grabbed the gun with my right hand, at the same time clutching a trailside bush with my left. It kept me from tumbling down the cliff. For a long moment I lay there dazed, breathing heavily. Then, still sprawled flat on my stomach, I glanced up—and my blood turned to ice water. Ten feet up the trail, dimly visible in the moonlight, Old Screamer was stalking me, his satanic eyes ablaze with fury.

There was no time to shoulder the gun. Still clinging to the bush with one hand, I pressed the safety off with the other, grasped the trigger, shoved the gun straight ahead of me on the ground and fired point-blank. With a throaty cry, Old Screamer spun in his tracks and ran back up the cliff. The recoil from the shot wrested the gun from my grip. It flew backward into the darkness and clanged onto the rocks below.

The situation had gotten very out of hand. If my shot had gone wild, I thought, or if Old Screamer was merely wounded, he could return meaner than ever. Moses surely had escaped down the back side by the time Old Screamer came after me. I could think of no good reason to stick around. I backed rapidly down the trail on my hands and knees. At the bottom I jumped to my feet and walked quickly toward the road. Just as I reached the highway I heard something behind me. Old Screamer! With a will of their own my feet began to pound the asphalt in cadence with my pounding heart. I glanced over my shoulder. Whatever was back there was gaining. With superhuman effort I quickened my pace. A shadowy figure pulled up alongside me, and then sped past. Moses! It wasn't Old Screamer who was chasing me after all. Greatly relieved, I started to slow down. Then I thought: Maybe something's chasing Moses. I decided to keep running.

By the time we reached the town limits I'd passed Moses once and he'd passed me yet again. We ran the last quarter-mile neck and neck. Without stopping, Moses darted straight for his usual haven under the back porch. I went to my room and crawled into bed. I lay there breathing hard, my brain feverishly replaying the night's events. Had I, perhaps, bugged Old Screamer after all? Could it be that his carcass was lying up there in the rocks for me to find and lash to a pole and carry back to town in triumph? The thought quickened my pulse even more. I'd check the quarry tomorrow.

Next morning I awoke late. My father was sitting on the rear steps, his wide back to the door. He heard me step out onto the porch. "Good hunt?" he asked without turning around.

"You bet," I boasted. Omitting the embarrassing details, I told him about the perilous confrontation on the trail and how I'd managed, with considerable boldness and skill, to get off a close-range shot. "I think I got him, all right."

continued



**Buy a personal computer for \$2000 or more.
And get a whole sleigh full of presents. Free.**

This holiday season, we're giving away free gifts to anyone who buys a personal computer worth \$2000* or more.

So when you give someone special a personal computer, you can also give them a Free Starter Kit. Two hours of Free Instruction. And a \$100 Gift Certificate.

Give someone special a whole sleigh full of presents. From ComputerLand. But hurry, this offer comes but once this year.

All participating dealers
Offer begins November 28th, and ends December 31st

ComputerLand

We know small computers.
Let us introduce you.

Over 300 stores worldwide. For locations call 800-227-1617 x 118
(in California 800-772-3545 x 118, in Hawaii or Canada call 415-930-0777 collect)

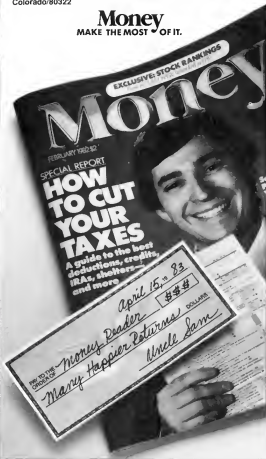
*\$2500 in Canada

MANY HAPPIER RETURNS.

Higher deductions. Safer shelters. Bigger loopholes. The way MONEY sees it, you should pocket more of your money. So work on giving less to the IRS. Call for a subscription today...and many happier returns!

1-800-621-8200 toll-free, around the clock. (In Illinois, 1-800-972-8302.) Or write to: MONEY Magazine/P.O. Box 2519/Boulder/Colorado/80322

Money
MAKE THE MOST OF IT.



REMINISCENCE *continued*

"Your gun's not in the closet."

"Uh...no, you see, I fell and dropped it. I'm going back to get it today."

"I see."

There was a metallic clink from somewhere near my father's feet. Curious, I stepped forward. I was surprised to see Moses on his haunches between my father's legs. My father was running his fingers over Moses' head and body. At one point his fingers stopped and probed. He picked up a pair of tweezers, extracted what he'd found and dropped it into a pan on the steps. I looked into the pan. It held a half-dozen No. 5 shotgun pellets. My stomach flip-flopped. Suddenly it was all clear. It wasn't Old Screamer I'd met on the trail last night. It was Moses I'd shot my own dog!

Without a word I went back to my bed and pulled the covers over my head. I stayed there most of the day.

Late that afternoon my father drove me to the quarry, where I recovered my gun. Sheepishly, I looked up at the cliff and wondered if Old Screamer was watching. I soon learned that he wasn't.

Two days later Sam Litchfield drove into town blasting away on his horn. I ran to join the crowd that quickly gathered in front of Gresham's grocery store, where Sam parked his truck. In the bed of the truck, dead as a doornail, was the largest, most ferocious looking bobcat anyone there had ever seen. Gazing down on that unmoving but still frightening form, I knew that Old Screamer had screamed his last.

"I went hunting for him," Sam explained. "To even the score for Pepper. But I didn't kill him. Found him up on the cliff, neck broken clean as a whistle. There's some powerful jaw marks on his neck. Looks like he finally tangled with one dog he couldn't handle."

It must have been Moses. Now I knew why he was wandering back down the trail that night. He'd finished the job he'd climbed that cliff to do.

Moses' wounds were superficial and healed quickly. For two weeks he avoided me completely. But in time he forgave me and our friendship renewed itself. For the remainder of his long life he would accompany me on my visits to the old swimming hole, tag along when I fished the bar ditches and roam the woods at my side in search of his favorite persimmons and paw-paws. But after that ill-fated night of Old Screamer, he never went hunting with me again. **END**

Hamilton Watch Company
Lancaster
Pennsylvania 17604

105 Pine Hill Rd.
Bedford, MA 01730

January 2, 1962

Attention: President

Dear Sir,

I thought you might enjoy an unsolicited complimentary letter about one of your excellent watches.

For Christmas 1936, over forty-five years ago, my fiancée (now wife) gave me a Hamilton wrist watch which I have worn every day since and it still keeps perfect time.

My Hamilton watch went with me to World War 2 where we saw action in an armored division under General Patton in the European Theatre. My Hamilton watch went with me when by accident I was thrown into the water from a battleship in Maine. My Hamilton watch even with me (accidentally) when I was in a pool in Ohio.

In all these years I only occasionally have had the watch cleaned and even today, got compliments on the "beautiful st. w." I say

I am attaching a copy of a recent ad of yours which made me think of writing this letter, and I am also enclosing a picture of my fine Hamilton watch.

Sincerely,

Warren W. Morris
Warren W. Morris

Our fan club started 90 years ago.

Warren Morris joined in 1936. You can join today
See the Hamilton 90th Anniversary Collection.

For dealer information write:

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, LANCASTER, PA 17604
OFFICIAL WATCH OF DELTA AIR LINES

HAMILTON
90
YEARS

An American Tradition Since 1892

On The Scene

by SARAH FLEGG

CAN A WOMAN PLAY BIG LEAGUE BALL? A NEW MOVIE MAKES A PITCH FOR IT

"Quiet!"

"All right. Let's do it."

"Ready. Engines off, please. Roll."

Behind the plate in an empty baseball stadium, a portly man wearing dark red polyester slacks and a black chest protector is pulling on a face mask. A pitcher and a catcher in full game uniform are warming up as they await the batter. In the foreground, near the on-deck circle, a slim girl with straight brown hair and a mass of freckles on her nose is seated on the grass absently doing her stretching exercises. Beside her on the ground are two bats, a baseball cap, a red batting helmet and an aged red equipment bag that says LAKE HAVASU CITY KNIGHTS on its side. As the girl leans forward, a voice of impatient male authority is heard from the first-base dugout.

"Come on! Let's go!"

The girl looks up and over her right shoulder. "I'm not loose yet," she says.

She stretches a moment longer, then stands up, lifts one of the bats, takes a few practice swings, looks back toward the dugout and says, "Ready." Then she slams on her cap and her batting helmet and takes her place in the batter's box. The ump says, "All right. Play ball."

"Cut it."

So went Scene 22, Take 1 of *Blue Skies Again*, a Lantana Productions film distributed by Warner Bros. that was shot in part last April and May at the New York Yankees' spring training stadium in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. and that is scheduled for release early next year. For movie purposes the park is Kruger Stadium, spring training home of the Denver Devils, a major league team of the expansion variety, owned by a rich businessman of the Ted Turner variety. The main character, the freckled Paula Fradkin, has driven her 1968 Dodge all the way from Lake Havasu, Ariz. to Fort Lauderdale, unsuited and unrecommended, to try out for second base with the Devils. If she makes it she will be the first female major league baseball player. If she doesn't, well, it was a long shot anyway. The main question is, will she get a chance to try? A subplot having to do

with the owner and Paula's lady agent (owner meets agent, owner offends agent by his selfishness, owner and agent fall in love—so what else is new?) helps fill the time between baseball scenes. But it is around the fate of Fradkin, who is played by a 20-year-old college softball player named Robyn Barto, that *Blue Skies Again* revolves.

Actresses have passed as athletes before, often with the help of stand-ins, special cameras and strategic editing. But *Blue Skies* presented special problems. Show-biz technology can produce wonders, but it can't create an arm where there isn't one. "Every actress I interviewed for the part told me she could throw a ball," says Richard Michaels, the

like an athlete") that Michaels was seeking, but she also turned out to be able to deliver a line pretty well.

"What's necessary in a non-professional," says Michaels, "is a lack of inhibition, a natural charm and an ability to get past nervousness about saying lines."

From the beginning Robyn wasn't worried about the acting, only the ball playing," says Miller. "She didn't want a double. She wanted to do it all herself."

After two weeks of being coached in the nuances of hitting a major league fastball by former Yankee Batting Coach Joe Pepitone and the team's minor league Pitching Coach Stan Saleksi, Barto was on her own. In the seven weeks of shooting that took place after the Yankees left their Fort Lauderdale digs last spring, she was called upon to hit, run, throw and steal, and to give a credible performance as a second baseman over and over again. Her hands were blistered, then calloused from swinging a 32-ounce bat hundreds of times each day. No one in the cast, which includes enough actors to comprise two baseball teams—the Devils and the Memphis Blues, an exhibition-game opponent—took as much of a physical beating as the 5' 7", 120-pound Barto did. A headfirst slide into second base had to be filmed at least six times for various technical reasons. Another slide left her right knee bruised and bleeding. "I've got so many wraps on," she said one day in the Devils' dugout as the company nurse changed the dressing on her battered knee, "that I could take all my clothes off and nobody would notice."

All the while, Barto was being observed and judged, not only by the director, the cameramen and the professional actors—Harry Hamlin as the owner, Mimi Rogers as the agent, Kenneth McMillan as the Devils' manager and Diana Acler as a former player-turned-agent—but, perhaps most critically, by the Devils themselves.

Ray Negron, a former shortstop in the Pirates' farm chain, plays Jerry Washburne, the Devils' shortstop. "He's supposed to be a super shortstop who's not too bright," says Negron, deadpanning. "So it's a challenging role."

When Negron's playing days, which lasted one season (1975), were over, he went to work for the Yankees as the man who videotaped their games for coaching purposes and eventually became friendly with Reggie Jackson, who,



Robyn Barto as Fradkin at second base.

director. "And every one was pretty poor. I mean, they threw like girls. But a good actor and actress won't tell you they can't do something. After about a month I told the producers I thought it was time to start looking at real ballplayers."

Movie stars have been discovered in odd places, like drug stores, and predictable places, like chorus lines, but Robyn Barto was probably the first actress ever discovered playing leftfield. The North Lady Trotters slow-pitch softball team from Broward Community College in Florida was playing in a tournament in Miami last February when Barto was approached by Michaels and Casting Director Dee Miller. Robyn not only had the look ("young, cute, likable, wholesome") and the athleticism ("she walks

continued

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. '81.

©1988 B&W T Co.



99% tar free.

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Now Available:



Crosscurrents No. 11. Special Report On FORTUNE's 1982 Corporate Communications Seminar

Exciting, usable ideas cracked
through FORTUNE's 1982 Corporate
Communications Seminar

"The American people are tired of
free lunches," announced Senator
Russell B. Long (D Louisiana).

Working Smarter—FORTUNE's
editors explored the issue of
productivity.

The Coming Economic Recovery
as seen by presidential economic
advisor Jerry L. Jordan

How to Be Heard in Washington
—W. Rush Loving

Selling your company as an
investment—Burson-Marsteller's
Anthony D. Hughes

Meeting Japan's Challenge—
Motorola's Carole Book

And much more. All gathered in
an information-filled 100+ page
special report. For your copy, fill in
the coupon below and mail it to us
with your check for \$12

Quantity discounts
10-24 copies @ \$10 each
25 or more copies @ \$8 each

To order, write to FORTUNE,
Crosscurrents No. 11, Room 1775,
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller
Center, New York, NY 10020

Enclose payment with your
request, make check or money
order payable to FORTUNE

Special offer: Crosscurrents No. 10 is
available in limited supply at \$7
when ordered at same time as the
eleventh edition, \$11 if ordered
separately

ON THE SCENE continued

he says, led him into acting by helping to
get him parts in TV commercials. "The
best acting school I ever went to was
Yankee Stadium," says Negron. "And
the best acting teacher was George Stein-
brenner, though Reggie was pretty good,
too."

About Barrio, Negron says, "They
could have signed somebody like Kristy
McNichol, but she wouldn't have been
able to give you the job Robyn can. You
know, for a girl, she can play. I think the
audience is going to be very impressed.
She throws hard. She had a little problem
with the hitting part, but that's natural. I
had a problem with the hitting part, and
I'm an ex-professional."

Jeff Rosenberg, who plays Tube, a re-
left pitcher, was a defensive lineman at
East Texas State and played semi-pro
ball in baseball's Mexican League in the
off-season. Now he teaches handicapped
children in Chattanooga. Rosenberg
coached Barrio regularly in one of the bat-
ting cages alongside the Fort Lauderdale
stadium.

"She had a problem with a hitch in her
swing," says Rosenberg. "In softball you
have time to wait a little longer, so you
have time to do that. In baseball you have
to react quicker. But she does a good job.
I stand back there and throw it to her and
I get some line shots."

The only thing Barrio lacks as an ac-
tress is ego. She wore no makeup. She
was unconcerned about her hair. All the
makeup artist did was occasionally smear
sun-block over Barrio's freckles. The hur-
dresser, who danced attention on the
other stars—putting, combing, brushing,
spraying men and women alike—rarely
bothered with her. Robyn would run her
fingers through her brown bangs and
slam on her cap, and she was ready. "She
didn't know anything about the movie
business at the start," says Michaels, "but
she was willing to ask questions and to
risk looking foolish."

She does, however, know something
about ballplaying. "Some people help
you in a positive way, like Jeff does," says
Barrio. "Others 'help' you in a negative
way by challenging you, by saying you
can't play ball. I can play ball."

Cik Cozart played basketball at the
University of Tennessee for a year be-
fore transferring to King College in Bris-
tol, Tenn., where he majored in English
and drama. In the film he plays Wall

Street Chandler, the Devils' star pitcher.

"In the movie," says Cozart, "Paula
walks into a restaurant where I hang out,
and I tell her that some of these other
guys may want to treat her like she's one
of the boys, but to me she's a freak, and
that I've got better things to do than hang
out with freaks, and I leave. Wall Street
Chandler would do that, but Cik Cozart
wouldn't. If a girl would try out for my
team I'd say, 'Hey, let's go, what do you
need to work on? Let's see you.'"

Negron, who is stretching things a lit-
tle when he says he is 6 feet and 165
pounds, says, "I think a girl could make
it. You always have one girl or another
who's six feet, six feet one. Physical
strength is the only consideration. Take
me. I'm not as big as the average big
league ballplayer, so I know I could start
a season great, but then come July and
August, I'm just worn out. I'd start losing
weight in August and it would be tough
for me to finish out the season."

"I imagine someday it'll happen," says
Frank Umont, 62, a retired American
League umpire who played the ump in
the movie. He has two lines in it, "Safe!"
and "Time!", which he delivers in a voice
that has the resonance of a foghorn. "I
don't see why a girl couldn't play major
league baseball," he says. "I think some-
day, I don't know how soon, you may
even see a girl umpire."

"This movie is not all escapism fan-
tasy," says Michaels. "To me it's a repre-
sentation of everybody's personal desire
to have a shot at something, no matter
what it is, that one-in-a-million shot at
the whole ball game."

Meanwhile, Robyn Barrio, outfielder,
has already lived one of two 20th-century
American fantasies. The first: One day
you're walking down the street, minding
your own business, and a movie producer
comes along and says, "Kid, I'll make you
a star. Sign here." Barrio can live without
the other: A major league scout sees you
walking down the street minding your
own business and says, "Kid, you got
talent. I can tell by the way you walk.
Sign here."

"Most likely I'll just go back to school
when this is over and play softball,"
Barrio said on the last day of shooting at
the stadium. "Our team should be pretty
good next year, and what I've learned
about baseball will probably make me a
better softball player."

END

Introducing comfort that goes a long way.



New Lightweight Backroads.
From city streets to country roads, Thom McAn Backroads can make the going a lot easier. Designed for lightweight comfort and durability—with genuine split suede uppers on rugged, long-wearing soles. Experience the comfort of Backroads. Only \$39.99. Only at Thom McAn.

Featured style in selected stores.

Thom McAn

Say "Merry Christmas" with a year of Sports Illustrated

Give a sports friend 52 issues of colorful sports action. It's easy. Just use the attached card. If the card is missing, order with our toll-free number, 1-800-621-4800. We'll send you a handsome SI greeting card to announce the gift.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 22-26

Compiled by ARMEN KITEVIAN

PRO BASKETBALL—The question in Detroit was, could the Pistons, and for their place with Milwaukee in the Central Division, cope with the loss of star Forward Kelly Tripucka (knee injury) for six to eight weeks? Tripucka went down during the first quarter of a 123-112 loss to red-hot Kansas City, winner of six of seven—good enough to take the lead in the Midwest Division over San Antonio. And what of Seattle? How could the Pacific Division leading St. Lawrence handle the loss of David Thompson, cut suddenly with an aching knee? Early answers were provided by Larry Tyler and Phil Seiser. Tyler replaced Tripucka in the Pistons' front court, and scored 23 points—11 of them in overtime—of a 120-108 victory over Portland Storm, playing in Thompson's stead, but at a point—off of the first half—helped Seattle to a 127-126 victory over Denver. In the Atlantic Division, Washington made a run in Philadelphia and Boston, led for five. The Bullets shot up to third in the Eastern Conference, but then fell off Indiana 87-85 with an 18-dribble at the buzzer.

BOXING—LARRY HOLMES successfully defended his WBC heavyweight title for the 13th consecutive time with a unanimous 15-round decision over Riddell (Tito) Cotto in the Arcos Arena (page 14).

CRASH COUNTRY—PAT PORTER and LESLEY WELCH won the men's and women's titles, respectively, at the U.S. Championships at the Meadowlands. Porter defeated Mark Semerari by a majority decision, running a 28-50 over the 18,000-meter course, while Welch ran 5,000 meters in 15:53 to beat Lisa Merrill by 18 seconds (page 8). WELCH, OSINSKY won the U.S. Women's 10,000-meter title by beating Semerari by 79 points in Bloomington, Ind. Colorado Semerari won the individual championship, with a time of 30:17.6 over the 10,000-meter course. OSINSKY won the women's crown, as Cavalier sophomore Welch placed first with a 5,000-meter time of 16:39.7.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL. Two of last season's doormats, Seattle and New Orleans, continued to wobble up on stable opponents. The Seahawks won their second straight under interim Coach Mike McCormack. The 16-0 record, previously unbeaten Pittsburgh Steelers, won 3-1, captured not defending Super Bowl champ San Francisco 25-20 on heavy runs. While National Conference-leading Washington moved to 4-4 with a 13-9 win over Philadelphia (page 26), Dallas stayed on the Redskins' heels, beating Cleveland 33-14 on Turkey Day. The New York Giants did a 13-9 victory on Detroit that same afternoon, as Lawrence Taylor went off with a 97-yard, fourth-quarter interception return for a TD. The New York Jets beat Green Bay for the underdog route 16-13 in Pat Leahy's 25-yard TD pass, and Buffalo beat Seattle, Baltimore and San Diego dropped Denver 30-20 as Keller Winslow caught three TD passes and Dan Fouts broke an NFL record with his 274, 300-yard passing game. New England defeated Houston 29-21 and Orlino Anderson ran for 122 yards and two touchdowns in the Cardinals 23-20 upset in Atlanta. Tommy Kravitz threw a career-high five touchdown passes—three to Wide Receiver Sammy Winder—in a 35-7 taping of the Chicago Bears. Wendell Tyler finished for 135 yards and two scores in the Los Angeles Rams won 20-14 over Kansas City. And Cincinnati handed the Los Angeles Raiders their first defeat of the season, 31-17.

CFL. The Edmonton Eskimos won an unprecedented fifth straight Grey Cup, defeating the Saskatchewan 37-16 in Toronto as Edmonton Quarterback Warren Moon won the game's MVP.

HOCKEY—The nation went hardy in Hartford's arena when the Whalers visited Boston Garden. Hartford, just in the Adams Division with 13 points, had the chance on the road against the Bruins, largely because of Fred Pateon, the NHL's leading goalie with a 2.35 goals-against average. And Pateon did his part against the Whalers, stopping all 16 Hartford shots, or 3-0 in his second shutout of the season. The Bruins won first-trace place—measured by only four points, Philadelphia meanwhile

shot in a 4-0 shutout of Los Angeles, stretching its unbeaten string against L.A. to 31 games, dating back to Oct. 19, 1974, and among the club in its first four games of the campaign (2-1-1 in November). New York Islanders, leaders in the Patrick Division, Natten Division leader Chicago played host to a 3-0 week made the Black Hawks 16-1-4 over the last 15 games, good enough for a four-point lead over Minnesota. The Smythe Division-leading Edmonton Grizzlies topped their lead over L.A. as five points in The Great One ran his consecutive game scoring record to 26 games (more than that of Gray LeBar's record set in 1977).

HOOVER DOGGY—MISL Baltimore broke a three-way tie with Buffalo and New York by winning three straight, over Wichita 14-3, San Diego 16-9 and Memphis 15-9 to tie the National Division-leading record to 8-1. New York was next, thanks to wins over St. Louis 14-5 and Wichita 18-7. In the Western Division, Phoenix emerged as third on first place with a 9-3 romp over Buffalo.

YERINS—The United States defeated France 4-1 to win the Davis Cup in Grenoble, France (page 7).

MISFITS—NAMED As the National and American League. Back in the majors, and Los Angeles Second Baseman STEVE SAAZ, 22, and Baltimore Third Baseman/Shortstop CAL RIPPENKAMP, 22.

PENALIZED—By the NCAA, the 1981 National Champion CLEMSON football program, for two years effective Nov. 31, 1982, for three rules violations, mostly recruiting, committed from 1977 to '81. They included offering prospective players cash and gifts, giving them clothing and "substantial amounts of cash." The NCAA banned the Tigers from appearing on TV in 1983 and '84, fined them to granting 20 football scholarships, instead of the usual 30, in 1983 and '84 and excluded them from bowl appearances after the 1983 and '84 seasons. The ACC, Clemson's conference, barred the Tigers from a bowl appearance after the 1983 season and took away their share of conference TV revenue in 1983 and '84.

RESIGNED After seven seasons as football coach at USC, JOHN ROBINSON, 47, who completed a 67-42 record with three Rose Bowl appearances and one unofficial national title, to become a university vice-president. He will be replaced by current Trojan Offensive Coordinator TED TOLLNER, 42.

DIED Two-time All-America Michigan Quarterback BENNY FRIEDMAN, 71, who also played professionally with four teams, of a self-inflicted gunshot wound, in New York.

1948 National League MVP FRANK MCCORMACK, 71, of course, in New York. A 15-year major league veteran with a 296 lifetime batting average, McCormack, a first baseman, hit .384 with 49 home runs and 172 RBIs to lead the '48 Reds to the world championship.

Former Houston Colt .45s and Astro owner BOY HOFFENBERG, 70, of a heart attack, in Houston. An influential figure in his city's political and sports communities for nearly 50 years, Hoffenberg headed the Houston Sports Association, which organized the construction of the Houston Astrodome in 1962, and controlled its operation until it was sold in 1976. Hoffenberg brought his family business to Houston in 1962 and was principal owner of the Colt .45s-Astros until 1975.

College Basketball Referee and Parks and Recreation Director for the city of Meriden, Mo. JERRY YARBROUGH, 41, of a heart attack suffered during the first half of a Mid-South Classic game between Tulane and Wyoming, in Memphis.

LANDALUCE, 2, of an undiagnosed respiratory virus, at Santa Anita. The filly who early in the week was scratched from Sunday's \$500,000 Hollywood Starlet when she developed the virus, was the first filly to lead career earnings of \$37,345 and won the top colts for 2-year-old filly of the year.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TERRY BEARSSLEY
Fountain, Mo.

Bearssley, a 27-year-old teaching post at Tackaway Country Club, used a four-iron on every shot while shooting a four-over-par 72 to win the First Gate Club Tournament over 122 other golfers in the 6,666-yard Olympia Resort course.



JULIE LEACH
Newport Beach, Calif.

Leach, 25, a substitute teacher, won the women's title in the 1982 Inshore Triathlon World Championship in Hawaii, winning 24 miles in the Pacific, cycling 112 miles and running a marathon in the combined time of 10:54:08.



ALONZO PATTERSON
Urbana, Ill.

Patterson, a two-time Little All-America football star in New York City's Wagner College, gained 1,476 yards on 283 carries during the Seahawk's 1-1 season. A senior, he ranks third on the NCAA active career rushing list with 4,337 yards.



ADAM GELMAN
Roxville, Mo.

Adam became—at 14 years, six months, four days—the youngest football to situate Life Master rank in American Contract Bridge League history, surpassing by five months the record set in 1976 by Reginald Barnes of Modena, Calif.



PAUL BRITTA
Alexandria, Va.

EVAN MYERS
Alexandria, Va.

Paul and Evan, both 8, scored 64% of the Old Town Cleats' goals over the past three years—and six soccer seasons—while leading the Cleats to 45 straight wins in the Hammer and Bauer division for 6-8-3 year-olds in the Alexandria Soccer Association. While the Cleats were outscoring opponents 197-11, Paul, a center-forward on offense, had 60 goals while Evan, a striker on offense, added 60. They attacked these totals despite playing, on the average, half of each game on defense.

CREDITS

4—Peters Magazine; 42—Illustration by Sam O. Whitman; 44—John Laporte; 46—Ronald T. Tolman; 48—Hans Kluge; 49—David C. Mott; 50—Gustav Knebel; 51—John Laporte; 52—Pete R. Miller; 53—Bill Spill; 54—Ruth Adams; 55—Steve Pomeroy; 56—James Drake; 57—Clayton F. Adams; 58—Gail Shain; 59—Nedra D. Duncanson; 60—Andy Hay; 61—David M. Adams.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

TRAGIC FIGHT

Sir,

I'm an avid boxing fan, but I'm sorry that men have to earn money by stepping into the ring and risking their lives just to please thousands of people, including me. That feeling was intensified by the Ray Mancini-Duk Koo Kim fight (*Then All the Joy Turned to Sorrow*, Nov. 22).

WILL BURKE
Findlay, Ohio

Sir,

The death of Duk Koo Kim makes it clear that boxing should adopt headgear and more heavily padded gloves.

MIKE YEAGER
Wilow Street, Pa.

Sir,

Why don't we require headgear and heavier gloves in boxing? Daffed fists and masks take nothing away from fencing. The art of boxing doesn't need physical destruction to be entertaining.

JERRY ADAIR
Williamsburg, Va.

Sir,

That Duk Koo Kim lost his life in the 14th round and that Alexs. Arguello could have, too, in his fight with Aaron Pryor the night before leads me to conclude that 10 rounds should be the maximum length of any bout. Research into deaths in the professional ring—those of Ernie Schaaf (who collapsed in the 13th round while fighting Primo Carnera) and Benny Paret (who was knocked out in the 12th by Emile Griffith) come to mind—might support my conclusion. In any case, the defensive ability of boxers obviously diminishes in the later rounds of a long fight. The boxing world should consider this reform now.

BRAD KERSEY
Reno

Sir,

I was shocked by what I observed on my television in the aftermath of the Ray Mancini-Duk Koo Kim fight. The tragic death of Kim left me gasping and trying to justify the "sport" of boxing.

Injuries are part of many sports. Even in such limited-contact ones as skiing and baseball, serious injuries—and, in isolated cases, death—are unfortunate elements of the game. However, these sports have other objectives to strive for, to score more runs. The implicit objective in boxing is to injure the opponent.

Thank you and Ralph Wiley for a candid article describing the terrible loss that resulted from the Mancini-Kim bout. I think that the time has come for the fans and those involved in the promotion and administration

of boxing to take a deep look inside themselves and question whether the positive aspects of boxing outweigh the negative. In my view, the answer is clearly no.

ROBERT J. LURIE
Edgerton, Wis.

Sir,

Sugar Ray Leonard has a good head on his shoulders. I'm glad he decided to keep it that way by retiring.

ARY GOETZ
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir,

Boxing isn't a sport, it's legalized violence. There is no such thing as civilized fighting, just as there are no good wars. Suspend boxing? No. Outlaw it!

MARIE R. WATSON, R.N.
Lafayette, La.

Sir,

I was shocked and appalled by your cover. Why depict something such as this? The death of Duk Koo Kim was tragic enough without your graphically portraying the final blow on the cover of a national magazine. In this instance, I feel that you have shown a lack of good judgment, a lack of common decency and a disrespect for human dignity.

GLENN F. HUBST
Getzville, N.Y.

Sir,

Judging by your Nov. 15 and 22 covers, kids interested in pugilism could very well come to the conclusion that there's a 50-50 chance of ending up a rich, smart, lucky Sugar Ray Leonard or a poor, battered, dead Duk Koo Kim. During the Vietnam war, television took the glamour and glory out of war for a generation of kids. Maybe you are doing the same for boxing now.

LYNDA CLARK
State College, Pa.

IN PRYOR'S CORNER

Sir,

Congratulations on Pat Putnam's article about Aaron Pryor (*It Was a Pryor Engagement*, Nov. 22). Never in my life have I witnessed a fighter like him. He's devastating, and he has great endurance. His style makes every one of his fights enjoyable to watch, and, in my opinion, he's the best champion in any division today. It really is time Pryor got some respect.

JORY CARLSON
Houston

ANTHONY CARTER

Sir,

In his article (*All the Way on Every Play*, Nov. 22), John Papanek writes glowingly about Anthony Carter breaking the University

of Michigan career scoring record in football with 244 points. The old record of 237 points had stood for 42 years and was set by "the sainted" Tom Harmon. Papanek further states, "One can only wonder what kind of numbers Carter would have amassed had he been given the opportunity to play on a team with a passer like Stanford's John Elway."

Granted. However, I've been fortunate enough to have seen both Harmon and Carter play football for Michigan. I submit that one can only wonder what kind of numbers Harmon would have amassed had he been given the opportunity to play varsity football for Michigan for four seasons, like Carter, instead of the three seasons that were permitted in his era. Do you really believe Carter would have broken a Harmon four-year record?

What's Carter's highest total for any three of the four seasons he played?

ROBERT E. GOWDY, D.D.S.
Dayton

• Counting the past three seasons, 196 Carter scored 44 of his Michigan-record 244 points in 1979, 84 of them in 1980, 56 in 1981 and 56 in 1982.—ED

Sir,

It's disappointing that a college senior can no better articulate his incredible football acrobatics than to say, "Both my feet be off the ground." Anthony Carter is, of course, majoring in pre-professional football at Michigan, and anyone lucky enough to have seen him perform will attest that he richly deserves straight A+s in that department, academic qualifications notwithstanding.

I don't think anyone will be able to reverse the trend toward professionalism in big-time college athletics. But isn't it time that the beneficiary of the football farm system, the wealthy NFL, was required to help underwrite the cost of the college program? Make the NFL pay for its farm system by contributing a significant fixed percentage of its broadcast television revenue to collegiate football.

STEVE MEICKER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir,

I can't believe that Anthony Carter might be drafted as late as the second round, as you claim is possible. But if he is, I for one would love to see a John Elway-Anthony Carter passing combination in Baltimore next year (surely the lowly Colts will end up with the No. 1 pick).

And assuming it takes the young and inexperienced Baltimore team one more year to crawl out of the cellar, you can add Herschel Walker as its next No. 1 pick. Think of it, El-

continued



Now there's a brand-new reason to buy a new '82 Buick. Low finance rates.

Because right now, your Buick dealer can offer 10.9% annual percentage rate financing to qualified retail buyers of new '82 Buicks, if delivered by December thirty-first.

Pick from a fine

selection—Skyhawks, Skylarks, and Centurys, as well as Regals, LeSabres, Rivieras and Electras. Get one while they last, and get 10.9% annual percentage rate

financing.

Now at your participating Buick dealer. Dealer contribution may affect consumer cost. Not available in Arkansas.



10.9% annual percentage rate financing.



Rosalyn Snitow
Hemorrhoid Sufferer

"I'm sold on Preparation-H. There's nothing like it to relieve my pain, itch and swelling."

Hemorrhoid sufferers don't take chances. They know Preparation-H® often gives temporary relief from pain and itch flare-ups. Even helps shrink swelling of inflamed hemorrhoidal tissues. Nothing relieves more hemorrhoidal symptoms than Preparation-H.

That's why Rosalyn Snitow and millions of other hemorrhoid sufferers choose Preparation-H. Look for Mrs. Snitow on TV, she'll be telling you more about her experiences with Preparation-H. Use only as directed.

Doctor recommended.

**Relieves pain and itch.
Even helps shrink swelling.**



Safety deposit.

Take stock in America.
Buy U.S. Savings Bonds.



19TH HOLE continued

way, Carter and Walker—only Ed Garvey would be able to slow the Colts down.

RANDY LITOVSKY
Potomac, Md

LATE HITS Sir,

I was pleased to see the mention of late hits in your article *It Was a Herschel Walker* (Nov. 15). I've had the opportunity to watch Georgia play in two recent nationally televised games, and no wonder Walker has taken to wearing a lower-back brackler for protection. I am not a football official and wouldn't pretend to be able to have the judgment required to call a late hit on the field of play, too many variables are involved. However, determining a late hit across the end-zone line or out of bounds is much easier for a fan. In the games I saw, Walker was subjected to multiple infractions of the latter sort, with no flags thrown.

The game of football and the skills of this young man are too valuable to allow them to be damaged by uncontrolled play. Sports are important in the fabric of our society for teaching individuals the constructive use of controlled aggression. When aggression in sports is allowed to become uncontrolled, everyone suffers.

W.L. HARP
Richmond

CLEVELAND'S MOUTH Sir,

Thanks to William Taffie for a fine article on America's No. 1 sports talk-show host, Pete Franklin (TV/RADIO, Nov. 22). I've listened to Pete's Sportsline for about six years. I don't always agree with him—I'm a Steeler fan, and Pete is always putting the team and the city of Pittsburgh down—but I'm glad I live in America, where I'm free to cheer for any team I want and to listen to Pete five hours a night, five nights a week.

PHIL PORTER
Branchland, W. Va.

Sir:

William Taffie must never have listened to *Sports Huddle*, a Sunday-night sports talk show on WHDH in Boston (See *No Evil, Hear No Evil*... Hal, Sept. 4, 1972). Eddie Andelman, Mark Witkin and Jim McCarthy are everything Pete Franklin is, and more. Pete may hit his red disconnect button with a *Boom!* when a loser calls, but on *Sports Huddle* you'd hear tick-tick-tick, *Boom!* To top things off, Andelman & Co. are three times more insulting. Just ask former Red Sox Manager Don Zimmer. Pete might be great, but no one can match the Huddlers.

RICHARD M. ROGERS
West Dennis, Mass.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

EVEN AT YOUR AGE
YOU CAN LOOK FORWARD
TO THE MAN IN RED

JOHNNIE WALKER RED

© 1993 J&J W&P INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED





Marlboro LIGHTS



© Philip Morris Inc. 1982

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.